

1994

WARREN  
MAGAZINE

FEB.

PROVOCATIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

# 1994

\$1.95  
56468-3

No. SEVENTEEN

**SHE LOATHED  
THEM!  
DETESTED  
THEM! HATED  
THEIR OILY  
BODIES WITH  
A MURDEROUS  
PASSION!**

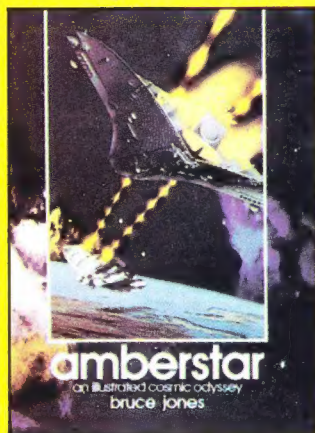
**THE ONLY  
THING SHE  
LOVED WAS TO  
HEAR THEIR  
METAL HIDES  
CRUNCHING  
UNDER HER  
HAMMER!**



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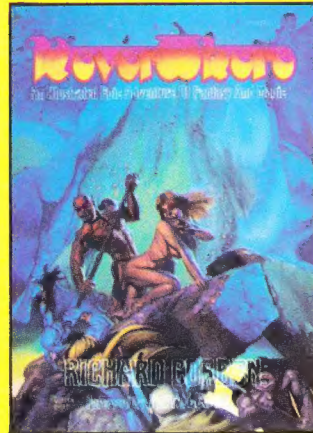
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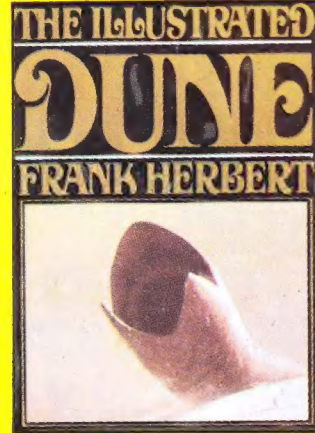
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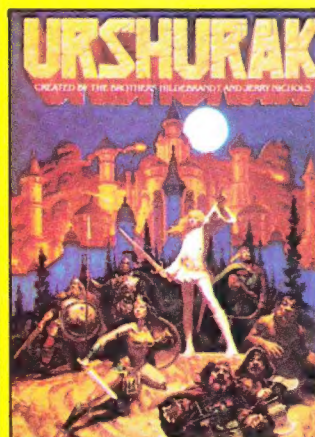
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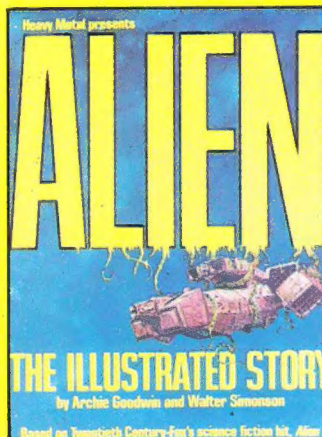
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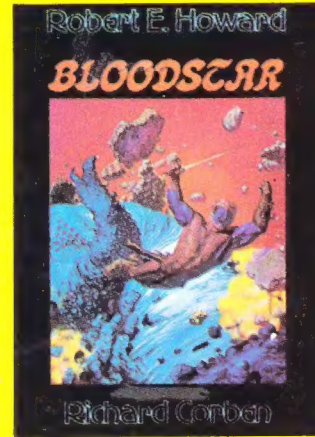
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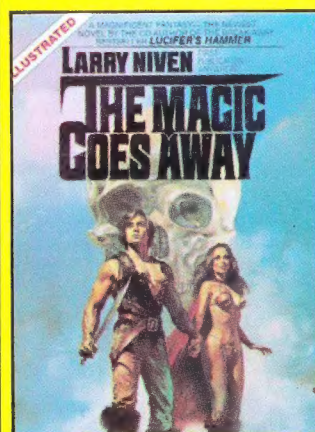
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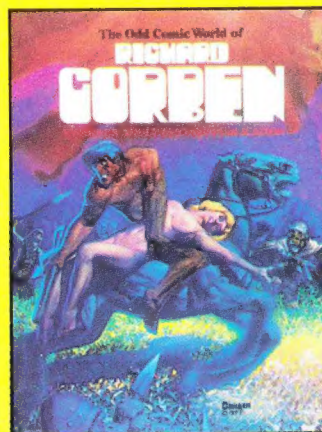
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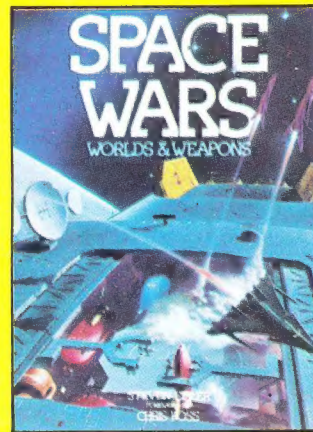
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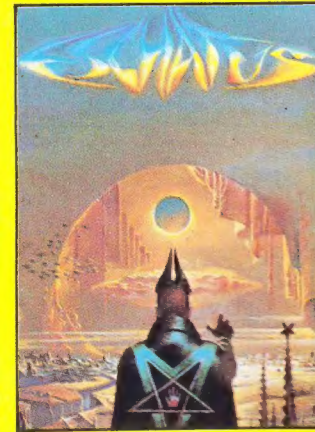
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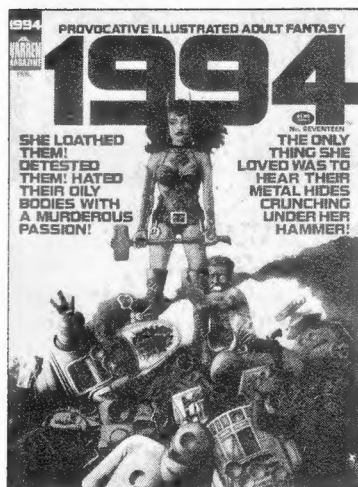
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# 1994

NUMBER SEVENTEEN

FEBRUARY 1981



## ASSHOLE 6

There I was, stranded on the edge of creation without a damn thing to show for my miserable little life except a bothersome buzz between my legs! Maybe I'd find some sort of relief even here!



## MAD AMY 17

She wasn't called Mad Amy for nothing! She wasn't just the most enthusiastic robot masher on Earth! She was also the most beautiful female left on this syphilitic, nuked-out planet!



## GHITA 33

Ghita is loose again! The luscious mystic goddess is bored with the golden life of Alizarr! She wants to run off and get off on a whole new set of adventures in Antedelvian lands before history began!



## KID RUST 51

Even now the boxing ring is the stage upon which the greatest spectacles in all sports are played out! But now, man made men are challenging beings of flesh and blood. And the winner?



## CEREBRATION 59

T.U.T. had spoken and all Earth was agog! Every radar dish eagerly scanned the sky to learn what the aliens wanted. And when the scientific brains figured that one out, they couldn't figure out why!

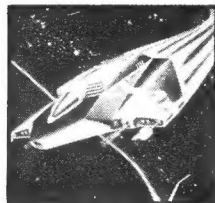


## MAN IS GOD 63

God, isn't the universe beautiful? There is nothing so pretty as the star studded void that my ship is rocketing through! But good God, what's that? It looks like the biggest goddamned toilet in creation!

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# incoming telemetry



## STOP RAIDING WARREN SLUSHPILE!

I can't tell you how disappointed I was with **1994 #16**. There were seven stories in the issue, more than is usually featured in the magazine. Yet, each of the seven stories was blandly mediocre.

Because of their length, there was no room for any of the plotlines to be fleshed out, as they are in usual issues of **1994**. With these short, seven and eight-page vignettes, **1994** readers were given little more than superficial **CREEPY** magazine type stories, with dirty words thrown in to appease the more puerile reader.

I can't understand why the quality of **1994**'s scripts seems to have disintegrated in the last few months. Many of the stories look as though they were originally scheduled for **Warren's** horror magazines. The science fiction aspect continues to be 1950's cliché, while the sexual slant is virtually non-existent.

I hope that **1994** stops raiding the **CREEPY/EERIE** slushpile and reverts to its former titillating, thought-provoking glory...and soon! I stopped reading kiddie science fiction years ago. I'm not about to revert back to the shit now!

**JAMES POLK**  
Lake Wales, Fla.

## ABEL LAXAMANA: NEW STAR OF 1994!

**Warren's 1994** magazine has always been the best illustrated of his five comic titles. With the talented contributions of **Rich Corben**, **Esteban Maroto**, **Alex Nino** and **Frank Thorne**, how can you go wrong?

But in **1994 #16**, something did indeed go wrong! The art throughout the entire issue, was nowhere near its former stellar quality. There was no **Corben**, **Maroto**, **Thorne**, or any other artist of value for that matter. And the two contributions by **Alex Nino** were so horrendous, I don't know how the man dared put his name on them!

Even **Rudy Nebres**, who has turned in such excellent efforts on "The Starfire Saga" to date, seems to be rushing his work and destroying the quality that's usually found in his art. The only artist who seems to be trying at all, is **Abel Laxamana**. And it's a sad day indeed when a second string talent like **Laxamana** outshines **Warren's** big gun artists!

**GEORGE AMITE**  
Elk Creek, Missouri



## NINO ART ATROCIOUS?

The sixteenth issue of **1994** features some of the best art I've seen in a long time. Unfortunately, some of the worst art I've seen in awhile is featured within the very same magazine!

The best art in **1994** is to be found in the story "Dog Star," illustrated by **Delando Nino**. The (I assume) younger **Nino** is following nicely in his brother's footsteps as one of the premier Philippine comic illustrators. **Delando's** illustration is fresh, imaginative and easy on the eyes! He also tells a dramatic, convincing story!

On the other hand, brother **Alex** seems to be in a slump this month. Of the two stories illustrated by the more experienced **Nino** this issue, both are rendered in that god-awful simplistic cartoon style he reserves for his more humorous efforts. Unfortunately, there is nothing whatsoever humorous about the art. It's just plain bad!

Yet, perhaps the fault is not with **Nino** himself, but with the editors who are overworking the man. Perhaps if **Nino** had less to do, he wouldn't have to create such artistic atrocities trying to churn out a heavy volume of work.

**ES LANDER**  
Gardnerville, Nev.

Those readers who were less than enthusiastic about **Alex's** rendering on "Sci-fi Writer" and "Fruit of the Grape," should find this issue's **Nino** offering more to their liking. "Asshole of the Universe" features art by the master at his best!

Jesus! **Alex Nino** is becoming the biggest hack artist in comics! Get rid of him and assign more stories to his brother **Delando**.

**WEBSTER NUKOLLS**  
Milford, N.H.

## 1994 REPRINTS: COMING SOON!

Unlike the other **Warren** magazines, which have inundated their readership with issue upon issue of reprints in the past year, **1994** has been a little more conservative. We haven't seen so much as one reprinted story in the past two and a half years of the magazine's existence.

Since I know this isn't a record that can last long, might I suggest that if any **1994** reprint issues are scheduled in the near future, that **Warren** at least make the reprints bearable by going back to press with an issue devoted in its entirety to the lustrous art of **Alex Nino**, **Rudy Nebres**, or **Richard Corben**?

Issues which spotlight the art of one exceptional artist tend to be more bearable than those which merely throw together a bunch of oldie but moldy, disjointed stories!

Of those many reprinted **Warren** magazines to appear in 1980, I have only purchased two: an issue of **CREEPY** which highlighted a collection of stories rendered by the fabulous **John Severin**, and an issue of **VAMPIRELLA** which reprinted five stories by the highly illustrative **Jose Gonzalez**.

Since I, as do so many of your other regular readers, have all sixteen issues of **1984/1994**, there would be no earthly reason why we would want another issue of the magazine that only contains material we already have in our collections. However, if that reprint issue showcased the art of **Nino**, **Nebres** or **Corben**...it would be more exciting than one of **Ballantine's** successful **Art of Frank Frazetta** paperbacks.

**SUZE MENARD**  
Champaign, Ill.

## LET COMICS MOGUL FIND HIS OWN ART!

I was just reading a fan publication which quoted **Len Mogul**, the publisher of **1994's** rival publication **Heavy Metal**. On the one hand, you've got to hand it to the ballsy mogul of that other comics publication. He's told everyone how much he enjoys the art of many of **1994's** artists. He's also boasted that he plans to use those same artists in coming issues of his publication, in particular, **1994's** most recent discovery, **Carlos Gimenez**.

All I can say is, the man's got a lot of chutzpah! Instead of raiding the talent of a competing publisher, why doesn't **Mr. Mogul** get off his smug ass, and unearth his own artists?

**CARY ELKONE**  
Newport, N.H.



## RIMJOBBE, ELLISON ONE AND THE SAME?

You want to know what was **really** wrong with the stories "Sci-fi Writer" and "Fruit of the Grape?" It wasn't **Alex Nino's** art, which is so heinous as to be beneath criticism. The fault lay wholly with the author of both scripts, **Kevin Duane**.

I've been watching **Duane's** budding career as a **Warren** scriptwriter for almost a year now. In that time, he has admittedly come up with some interesting story concepts. But he has never once found the proper storyline with which to display those concepts.

Take for example the two stories in question. The premise of "Sci-fi Writer" is one which certainly deserves attention; that being the intolerable, egomaniacal manner in which so-called professional science fiction writers conduct themselves in public.

**Duane's** diminutive protagonist, **Penrose W. Rimmjobbe**, is obviously supposed to be the fictitious counterpart of diminutive science fiction author **Harlan Ellison**. I've had the unforgettable experience of attending two conventions at which the acrimonious **Ellison** was a featured guest. Just as did **Rimmjobbe** in **Duane's** story, he proved himself to be a caustic, over-sexed, money-hungry asshole. Yet, the similarity between the real and the fictitious **Ellison** in **Duane's** story, is purely superficial.

Had **Duane** satirized **Ellison's** mercenary side a bit more, or lampooned his laughable, incessant feuding with everybody and his publisher, or even squibbed the ludicrous, almost pathetic manner in which he tries to **score** with young girls at a convention, then we would have had a good, biting commentary on an actual sci-fi writer.

As is, however, the story is little more than a cartoon character chase with slight believability. As I said, a good idea...but it misses the mark by a country mile.

**Duane's** second story rendered by **Nino**, "Fruit of the Grape," suffers from the same problem. Picture **Duane's** premise: a time machine that can actually **age** objects. Good idea! Maybe not the most original, but certainly interesting enough for a short comics feature. And what does he **do** with it? He invents a no-action, tiresomely dialogued story about a little trivialist named **Rudy Merwyn** who ages wine, goes to court, indulges in a ho-hum lawsuit and in short does nothing suspenseful, action-packed or...that matter, even remotely **interesting**! The story was, in fact, tediously **boring**.

It's obvious that's exactly how **Nino** felt about both scripts when he was given them to illustrate.

**STEVE STEARN**  
Los Angeles, Calif.



## BRING BACK '84's ORIGINAL CORNHOLE!

When I picked up 1994 #16, the magazine fell open to a very strange little feature in the center of the book. A story entitled "Agony!"

One glance at the art and I screamed for **joy**, immediately sensing that the magazine falling open to where it had, was an **omen**. The art looked exactly like that which 1984/1994's first editor, **Bill DuBay** has been rendering for **Cracked** magazine since he left the editorial helm of **Warren Publishing**.

I just **knew** that **Dube** had at long last returned to the **Warren** fold. I can't think of a more propitious development for the **Warren** magazines. Perhaps **Dube** will end the drift towards lower quality.

Even while he was editor of 1994, I was one of the few who knew of and was a fan of **Dube's** beautiful cartoon art. I followed his work religiously in **Crazy** magazine, and could never understand why he refused to employ his own artistic talents in **Jim Warren's** magazines. Perhaps he felt that his humorous style of illustration would be out of place in the realistically-rendered **Warren** publications.

If that's the case, then he couldn't have been more wrong! For, **Gimenez's** art in 1994 #16 was the **standout** of the issue. And if I confused it with **Dube's** work, that means there are at least **two** really excellent cartoonists who should be showcased in every issue of 1994.

Any chance of luring **Dube** back to the **Warren** team?

**KEITH PROSSER**  
Wenatchee, Wash.

Though his name hasn't been seen in the **Warren** magazines too frequently in recent months, **Keith, Dube** is still very much a part of the **Warren** team. His studio, The Cartoon Factory handles all of the production work on several of **Warren's** magazines.

## BIG GOVERNMENT SOURCE OF ALL WOES!

I enjoy 1994, despite its often pessimistic prophesies of our planet's future, because, occasionally, it actually has something noteworthy to say.

Take **John Ellis Sech's** story, "The Day After Doomsday," for example. The setting, an Earth ravaged by fossil fuels and uncontrolled technology, has become a science fiction **cliche**. Further, as I read the text, I couldn't understand if **Sech** was taking an anti or pro-nuclear power stance or if he was lobbying for or against solar energy.

It wasn't until the conclusion of the story, that I realized what **Sech** was really doing was writing an **anti-big government** story. As he aptly pointed out, the source of virtually all present day woes is the two-headed white elephant we call our government.

**Sech's** story was subtle in its delivery, but its message was clear. Maybe more stories like this will educate the small percentage of the population who reads the **Warren** magazines, and they won't live their lives as blindly as their parents have, believing that government is our friend...when in actuality, we have never had a greater enemy!

**CILLA PENDER**  
Raeford, N.C.

I was **appalled** when I saw the price of the newest issue of 1994: \$1.95. How utterly **outrageous**!

I know that a lot of readers will be writing to complain about this atrocious increase (by almost ten percent) in price. I just wanted to add my voice to those to which **Jim Warren** will be turning a deaf ear.

Such a price rise wouldn't be so bad if 1994 readers were given a ten percent increase in the amount of **readable material** within the magazine. Instead we're treated to more, repetitious **advertising**. It is an insult to both my **intelligence** and my **pocket book**, and I for one **refuse** to buy any **Warren** magazine until the cover price is lowered to its former (which I even considered too high) \$1.75.

**FRANCES GOLDEN**  
New York, N.Y.

We didn't want to raise the price of 1994, **Frances**, any more than you want to pay it. But the increases in paper, printing, art and story costs over the past year have far outstripped the nation's spiraling rate of inflation.

Please don't protest by picketing our magazines. Picket Washington instead. We are a small publishing concern struggling to survive. Uncle Sam is the big publisher who is printing the billions of inflationary dollars which fuel inflation, virtually making your money worth less and worth less!

SEND COMMENTS TO: 1994, WARREN PUBLISHING, 145 E. 32nd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016



Think about **this**. The universe, contrary to every lie, every cliché that's ever been fabricated about it, is not **limitless**! It is a **living**, continually growing entity! But it is **finite**! Very **definitely** finite... with a clear **beginning** and an unmistakable **end**!

# ASSHOLE OF THE UNIVERSE!

I know, because I was sent to find the outer limits of creation...the end of the **universe**! And when I ran into it at 12 x light speed, my ship **disintegrated** into nasty white nothingness...

...and I was left **dangling** there, hanging over the abyss of **eternity**!

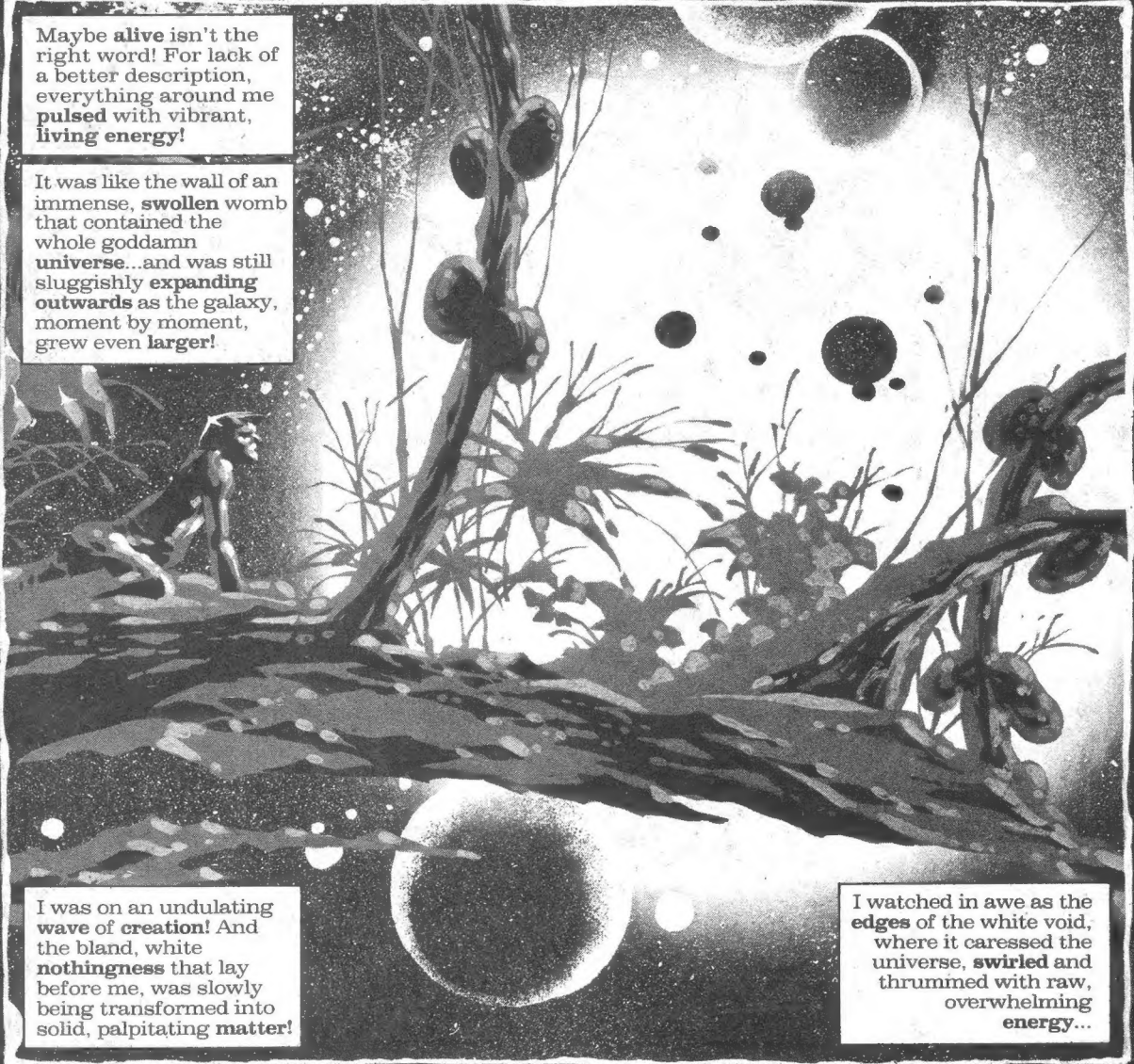
My initial reaction at encountering the peroration point of all creation, was, I think, one of awe!

Awe at being alive! But more than that...**fucking blown away** by the sudden realization that everything around me...was **also alive**!



Maybe **alive** isn't the right word! For lack of a better description, everything around me **pulsed** with vibrant, **living energy**!

It was like the wall of an immense, **swollen womb** that contained the whole goddamn **universe**...and was still sluggishly **expanding outwards** as the galaxy, moment by moment, grew even **larger**!



I was on an undulating **wave of creation**! And the bland, white **nothingness** that lay before me, was slowly being transformed into solid, **palpitating matter**!

I watched in awe as the **edges** of the white void, where it caressed the universe, **swirled** and thrummed with raw, **overwhelming energy**...

...and molecules of nothingness took on the material substance of new **worlds**...new **life forms**...of matter being **birthed** from the sterility of **emptiness**!



I held on for dear life as new matter **pulsed** and **rippled** beneath my feet!

And I **crawled** with the tide, awed by the **beauty**...the **miracle** of creation!



Until...I crawled too **far**...ahead of and **through** the life-giving womb...and found myself on the **far side** of creation...a place where I **did not**...**could not exist** and therefore, simply **ceased** to be!



Eventually, the womb, the life-giving, matter-creating wave of living energy **caught up to me!** And, as slowly as my body had **evaporated** into non-existence, I found myself **reforming**...becoming all that I had been!

It occurred to me that some...some supreme, all-knowing, universal **intelligence** was making all this happen!

If this were a mere **random** expansion of the universe...the **Big Bang Theory** in all its mindless **glory**, I would have been **dead** the moment I stepped into the **white void!**

The unanswered question **swirled** in my head! And then, I noticed the **girl!** And all at once, I **had** my answer!

I hadn't realized it **before**, because the survival systems in my ship had kept me **doped up and numb!** But I needed a woman! I needed her **softness**...her **touch!** God, I needed **everything** about her!



Again, I was **overwhelmed** with **wonder!** I sat for a moment to reflect on what had happened...while newly-birthed matter gently **undulated** beneath me!



What else could it be? **Life**...and **matter** for that matter, were **not** simply created at **random!**



Yet, I was **alive**... **recreated**...**unharmd**...exactly as I had been! Could some supremely benevolent **intelligence** be watching over me?



It had been...I don't know **how** long since I'd seen a **woman!** It seemed like an **eternity** since I'd left **Earth-base!** In a way, it was!



And when she **came** to me, I knew there was **someone**...**something** out there! And **he** or it wanted **me** to be **happy!**



I don't believe in god! If there ever **was** any such person, he would never have put up with all the **shit** that's gone down in his universe! Shit like **greed, pain, starvation, sickness, wars, death** and all the other crap that plagues living creatures **everywhere!**

But **god** or no...there was **something** out there! Some... **cosmic consciousness...or universal force** that lovingly gave birth and bestowed life where there was only a vast, lonely void!

And it was a **miracle!** A beautiful, **fucking miracle** to sit there and watch it all **happen!**

Christ! I felt so... **good, so happy...so at peace** with myself and everything around me! This was **Eden!** And there were no **snakes** anywhere out to **spoil** it for me!



At least, I didn't think there were any snakes...

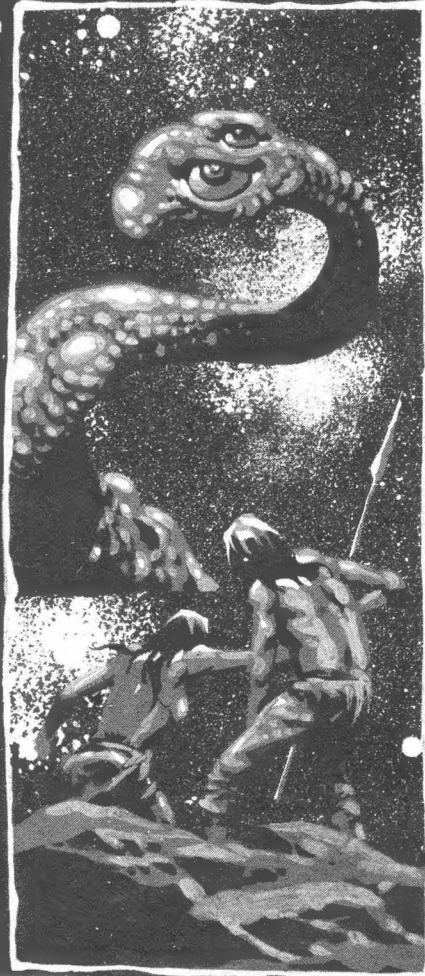
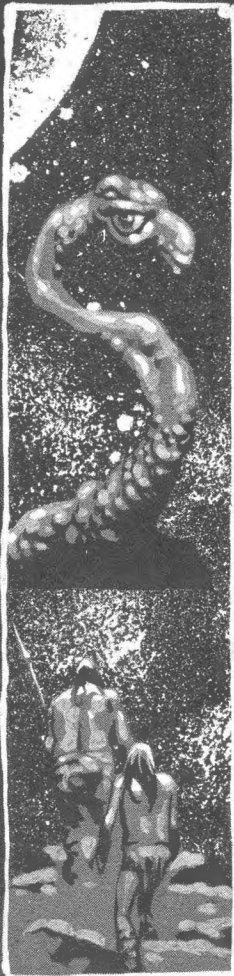
...until I saw...the other humanoids!

They had crept up on me silently. Or maybe...maybe they had suddenly just been created out of nothing! Either way, god knows how long they'd been staring at me! And when I returned their gaze they took off like frightened children!

The presence of other men in my edenistic haven was only the first unpleasantry. The second was an awesome hunger, which, like the humanoids, seemed to have snuck up on me without warning!

I knew what to do about the hunger! And if my neighborhood Neanderthals proved to be a problem...I'd know what to do about them, too!

I fashioned a crude spear out of new-formed stone and wood...and waited!





I waited for  
the cosmic  
consciousness  
to create my  
next meal.

and while  
the creature  
was still being  
birthed, I  
slaughtered  
it, so that I  
could eat!

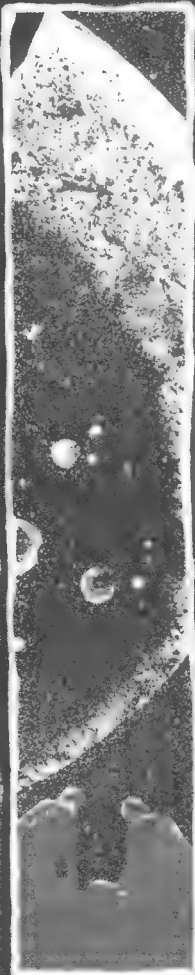
It seemed like  
a sin,  
somehow,  
destroying  
innocent  
life, staining  
virgin earth  
with the crim-  
son hymen of  
gore!

The sin was  
even more  
repulsive as  
the girl and I  
gorged  
ourselves  
the point of  
nausea, leav-  
ing what we  
couldn't  
eat to rot!

I saw her differently  
then...my naive  
young Eve who had  
traded her innocence  
for a full belly!

She looked like a  
savage, crouching  
over the beast's  
carved carcass, her  
lips and face stained  
with blood! But  
somehow, she  
looked savagely  
sensual!

I wanted her then! So  
I took her, with all  
the savage  
roughness I knew  
she craved! And  
again we overindulg-  
ed...fucking like  
rabid dogs until we  
were sore and drain-  
ed...and stank of  
each other's sweat!



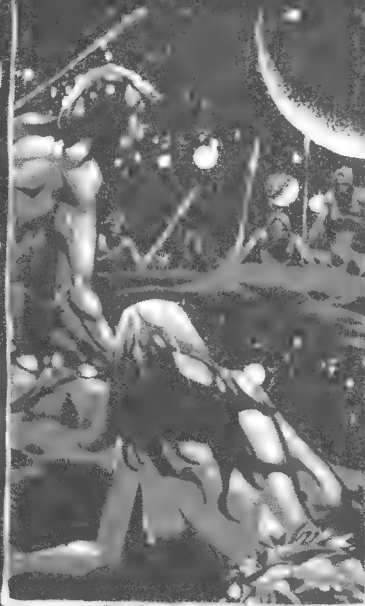


lying there, in Eden, with my  
whore. I felt somehow dirty!  
The gentle, innocent beauty  
of the silently unfolding  
universe stretched all around  
us! Yet, in the process of  
fulfilling our basic human  
needs, I had ignored that  
beauty.

He brought the serpent into  
the garden!



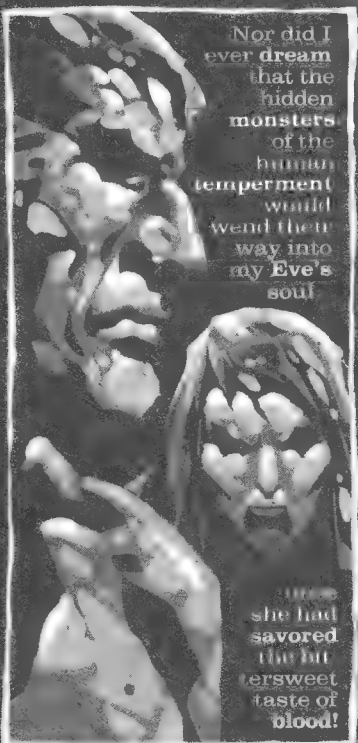
It reminded me of an old say-  
ing... that all of man's brains  
are lodged solely in his  
scrotum! That's where mine  
must have been when I was  
butchering life even as it  
emerged from the womb of  
creation!



I didn't think that others  
mimicking my actions would  
form elite weapons and try to  
feed on living flesh!



Nor did I  
ever dream  
that the  
hidden  
monsters  
of the  
human  
temperament  
would  
wend their  
way into  
my Eve's  
soul.

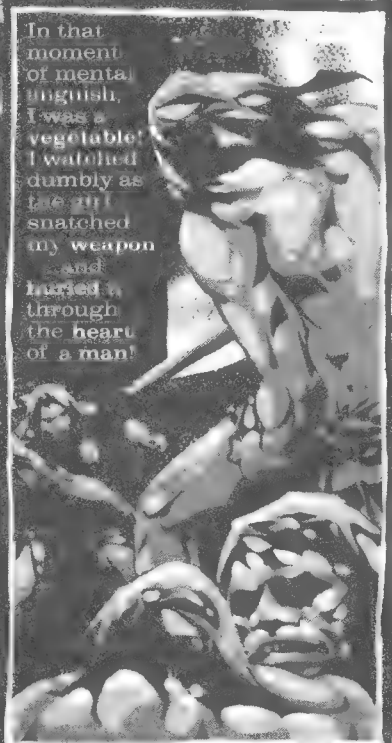


...  
she had  
savored  
the bit-  
tersweet  
taste of  
blood!

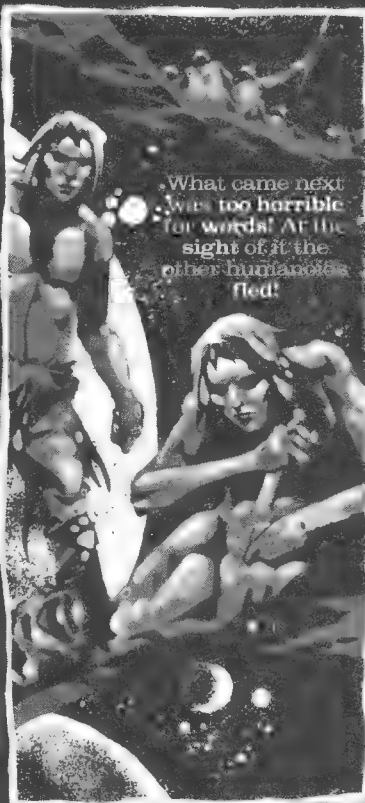
Confused, my mind whirled,  
wondering what else these  
primitives had inadvertently  
learned from my actions!



In that  
moment  
of mental  
anguish,  
I was a  
vegetable!  
I watched  
dumbly as  
the man  
snatched  
my weapon  
and  
hurled it  
through  
the heart  
of a man!







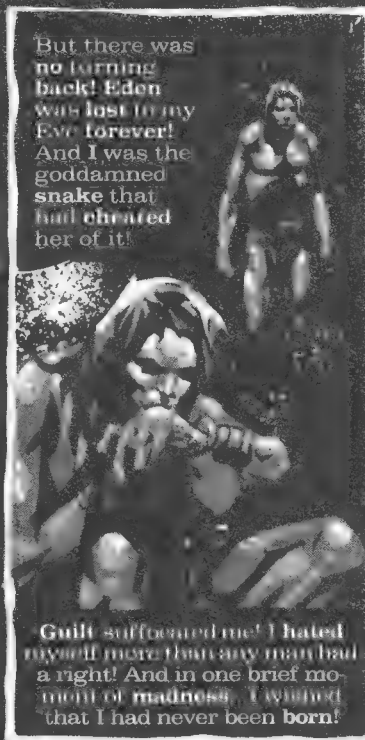
What came next  
was too horrible  
for words! At the  
sight of it the  
other humanoid  
fled!



I almost ran, too, as the once-  
gentle girl offered me a bite of  
the forbidden fruit!

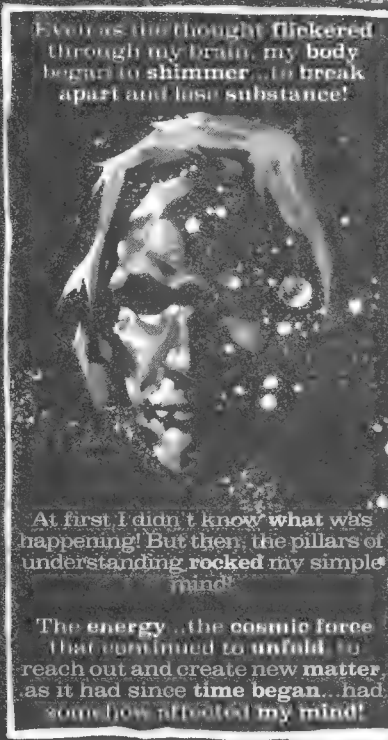


I knew she couldn't understand  
my revulsion! Her simple mind  
took it as rejection! As she sulle-  
d away, wounded by my disap-  
proval, I felt somehow sorry  
for her! With all my heart I  
wanted to reach out and ease her  
hurt... and make everything  
good again!



But there was  
no turning  
back! Eden  
was lost to my  
eye forever!  
And I was the  
goddamned  
snake that  
had cheated  
her of it!

Guilt suffocated me! I hated  
myself more than any man had  
a right! And in one brief mo-  
ment of madness, I wished  
that I had never been born!



Even as the thought flickered  
through my brain, my body  
began to shimmer... to break  
apart and lose substance!

At first I didn't know what was  
happening! But then, the pillars of  
understanding **rocked** my simple  
mind!

The **energy**... the **cosmic force**  
that continued to unfold, to  
reach out and create new **matter**  
as it had since **time began**... had  
somehow affected my mind!



My mind had somehow tapped  
into its power, giving me the  
god-like ability to create that  
which I willed to be!

Jesus! It sounded so  
simplistic! Yet, if it were  
true... I could be a god! I could  
change everything!

The edge of the universe with  
all its cosmic power was fur-  
ther from me, then! As I indulg-  
ed my human vices, it had mov-  
ed on leaving me behind! I rac-  
ed towards it, my heart pound-  
ing wildly!

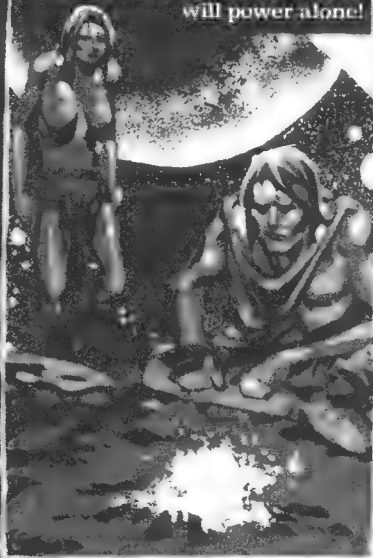


As I again reached the edge of the limitless white abyss, I realized that I had to test the power!

A fire! What could be easier!

I sat, my anxiety growing! Cautiously I willed flames to appear before me!

Sparks leaped, sputtered and danced in the air! And in seconds I sat, ecstatic, before a small bonfire, produced from will power alone!



God! What I couldn't do with the power of creation at my command! I could will Eden back to its pure, untainted state! I could change my Eve back to the innocent creature she had been before I screwed up everything!



Yeah! That was the key, wasn't it? I had fucked it all up! Royally! And now I was going to put everything right again! Me? One of the most fucked up members of an even more fucked up humankind?

And in a typical display of man's self-centered, egomaniacal eccentricity, I dared to compete with God?!

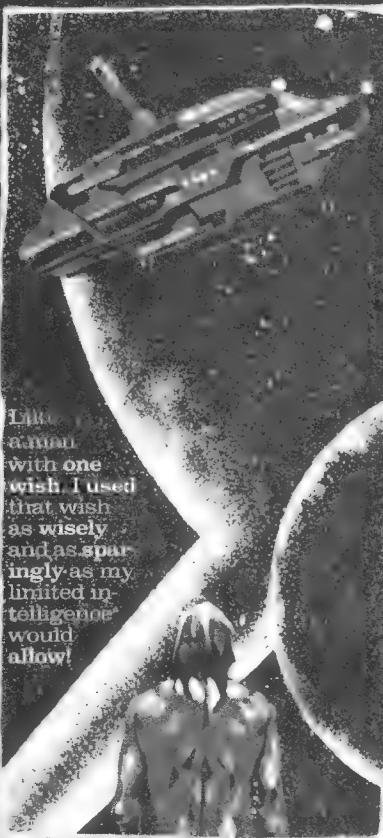
Christ! What the hell was I doing?



I had no place even being here let alone play-acting at being a supreme being!

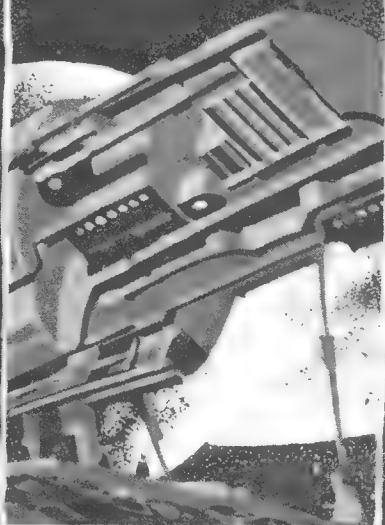
Yet, I did have a moral obligation to right my wrongs and purify God's once untainted creations!

Like a man with one wish, I used that wish as wisely and as sparingly as my limited intelligence would allow!



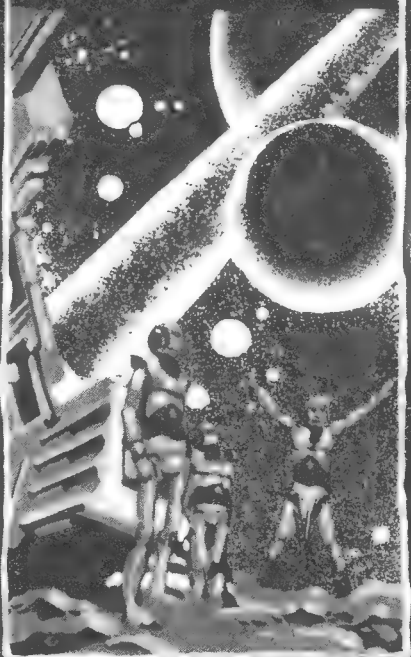
From the vast nothingness of the great white beyond, I created a starship, piloted by an entire crew.

anxious to take me home.

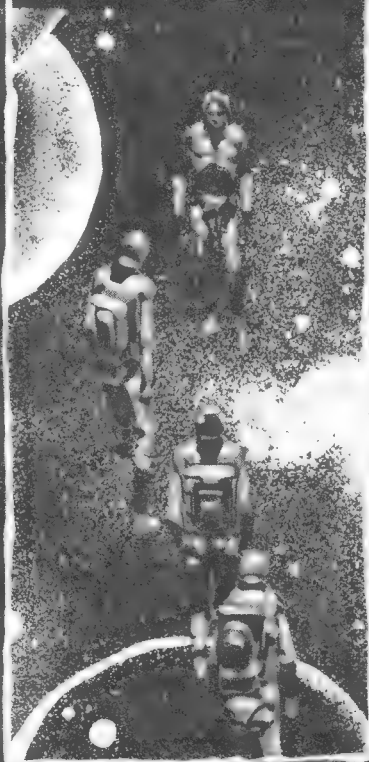




No doubt my creations would have been awed **shitless** that their **creator** would summon them to save him! But like a wise god, I gave them **memories** of events that had **never** existed. They resolutely **believed** that they had been sent from Earthspace to rescue me!



It was only right that I leave the Edenistic fringes of creation! I was the Satan who had no business being there!



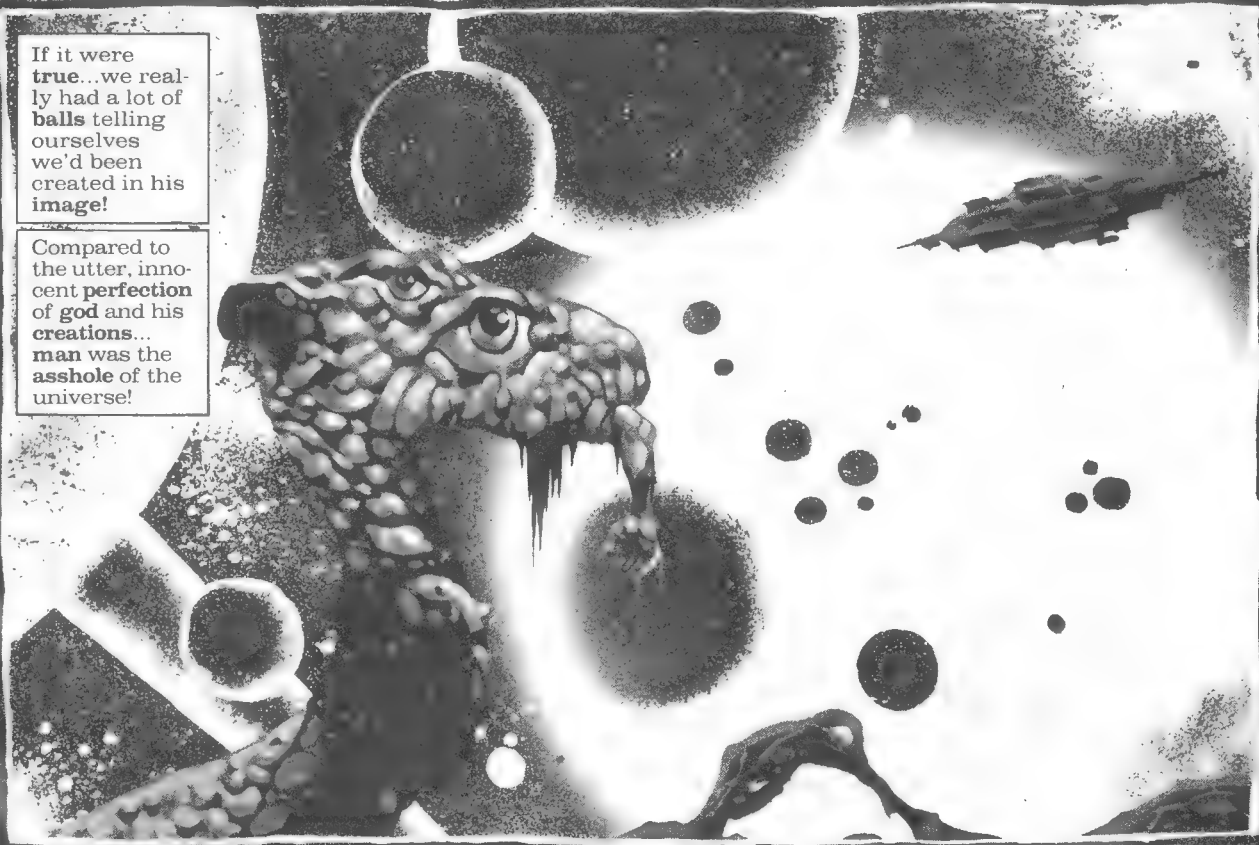
And even though I had managed to **pervert** this one little corner of the universe, I had also somehow managed to open my **own blind eyes!**



Perhaps, contrary to my lifelong belief, there **was** a **god**, after all! Oh, maybe he wasn't a **man** or a **tangible organic being** as such... but a **creative force**, eternally spreading life where there had been only emptiness!

If it were **true**...we really had a lot of **balls** telling ourselves we'd been created in his **image!**

Compared to the utter, innocent **perfection** of god and his **creations**... **man** was the **asshole** of the universe!



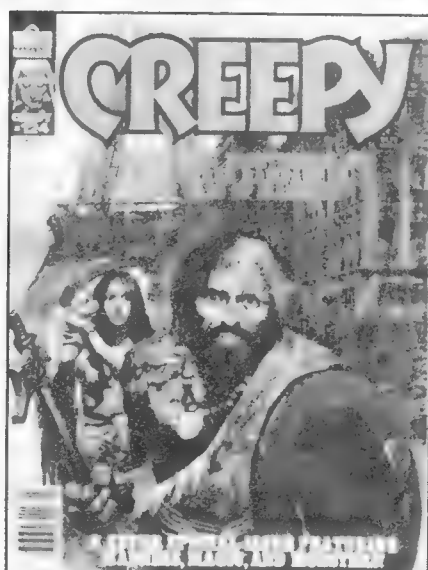


# WARREN MAGAZINES

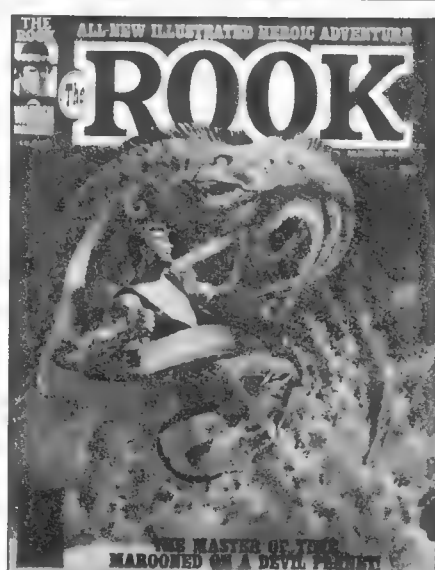
THE NEW AGE OF ILLUSTRATED EPIC  
ADVENTURE IS READY FOR DELIVERY NOW!



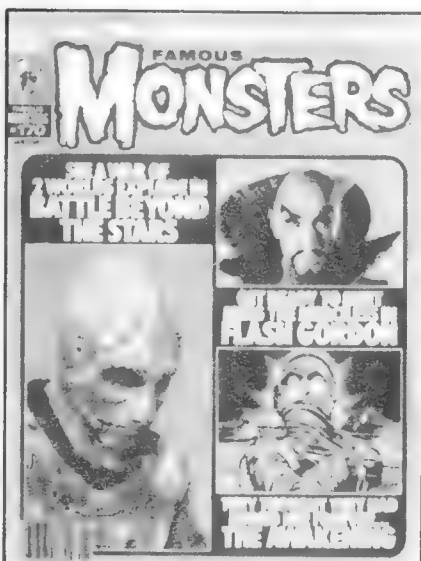
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Back in the early **nineties**, before the **Petrolgrad Invasion**, when the army tried to reenact the **draft** for the umpteenth time...America discovered that it had a small **problem!**  
Nobody wanted to **fight!**

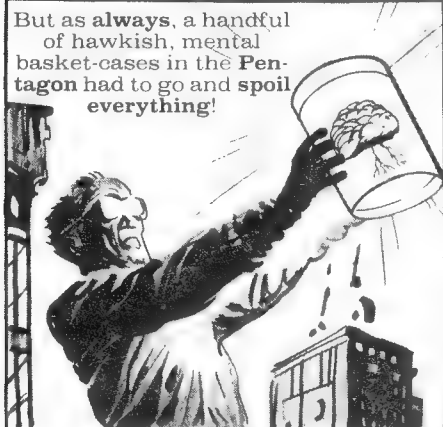
Decades of comfortable, pacifistic **cowardice** had taken their toll! And Americans just didn't seem to give a hoot if their country was overrun by gibbering hordes of the **Sino-Soviet Muslim Army** or not!

# MAD ARMY



The nation had turned to undiluted, undulating **shit** under the **Carter-Reagan-Kennedy** dynasties, anyway, so why not just **give** the goddamned country (war to the **pinkos**, **slopes** and **oilers**, people reasoned! They couldn't do any **worse** running things! And with a little luck, they just might do something about the burgeoning **Puerto Rican** problem!

But as always, a handful of hawkish, mental basket-cases in the **Pen-tagon** had to go and **spoil everything!**

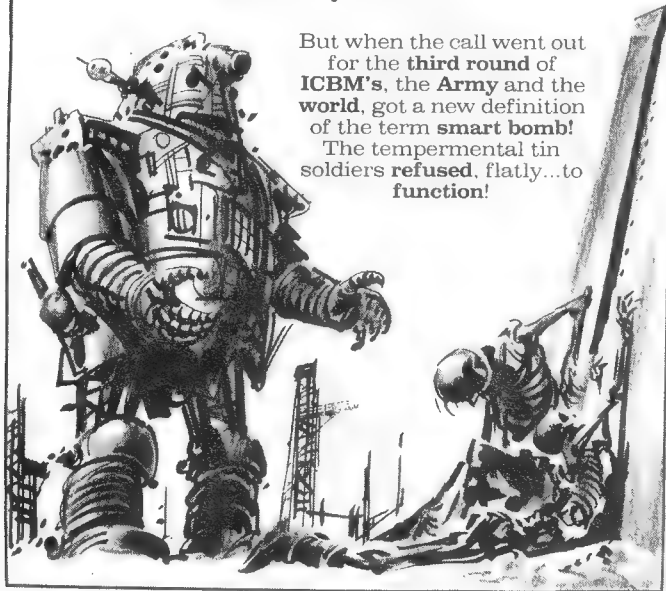


They came up with the **Positronic Independent Thought Circuit**, which everyone believed would at long last make **Americans** and other humans **obsolete...**and **robots** the wave of the future!



When that first mechanized wave was **drafted** for basic **soldiering** duty, America's troubles **really** began!

Somehow, the robots served **flawlessly** for...oh, almost twenty or thirty **minutes!** They performed **perfectly** during the first and second **nuclear strikes**...which it's said they **accidentally** initiated!



But when the call went out for the **third round** of **ICBM's**, the **Army** and the **world**, got a new definition of the term **smart bomb!** The tempermental tin soldiers **refused**, flatly...to **function!**

Of course, by that time, there weren't a hell of a lot of people **left** who really **gave a fuck** about the **war!** Nearly everybody was too busy **dying** to be bothered with current world affairs!



Oh, there were those **few** who **survived**...and fewer still who **wanted** to survive after the **smoke** cleared!

But somehow, human life, as it always had, **went on!** Small groups of men **banded together**...and a style of living not unlike that of the earliest **cave dwellers** rapidly evolved!



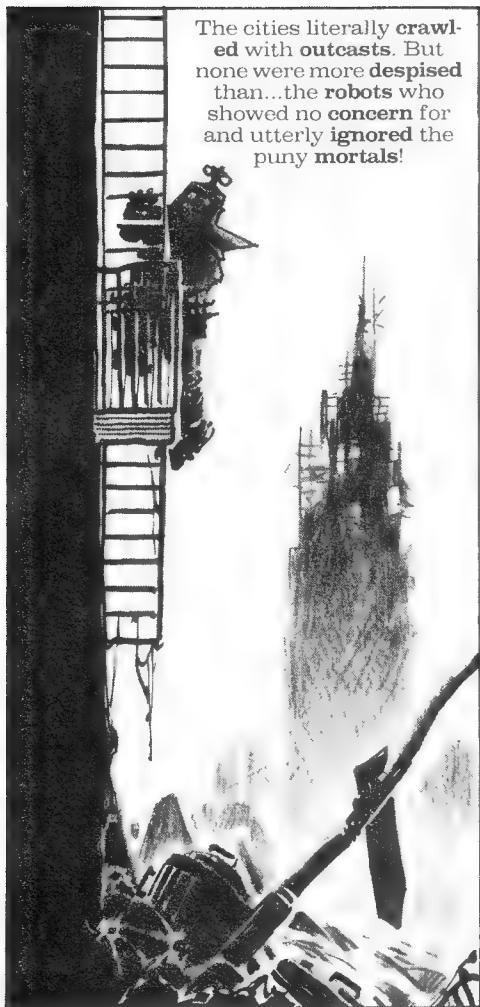
Life was barely **tolerable** in the missile-pocked, radiation-laden **countryside!** But in the **cities**...well, city life remained pretty much as it always **had been**...one big **rat race!**



Only difference was that **now**, the survivors were racing **real rats**...trying to snare them for food! And heaven help the poor bastard who found a big, juicy rodent and didn't share it with his **buddies!**



The cities literally **crawl-**  
**ed** with **outcasts**. But  
none were more **despised**  
than...the **robots** who  
showed no **concern** for  
and utterly **ignored** the  
puny **mortals**!



**Amy Lambertini**, physical fitness freak  
and ex-corporate secretary of dubious  
skills, was one such **psychopath**!

And then there were the  
**hunters**...the **killers**, actually, who  
didn't **cotton** much to **robots** or  
other **foreigners** under any **circ-**  
**umstances**!



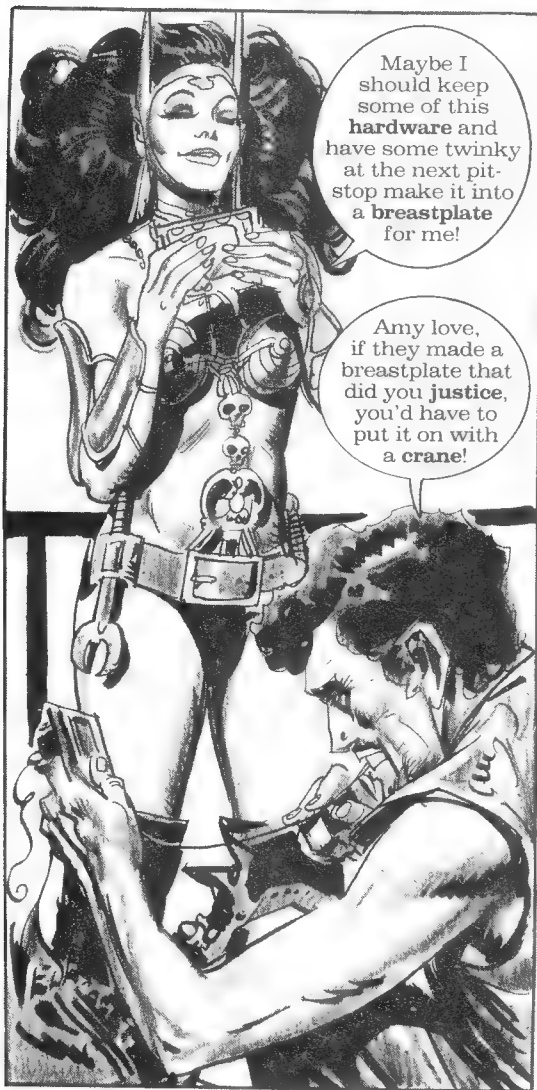
It wasn't just because the big **tin** men were **soldiers**! Oh **sure**, it's true that if  
they had **never** been **built**, we probably would never have been **nuked** to our  
**knees**!

But we **still** would've been ass-deep in **Ruskies**, **slants** and **Muham-**  
**madites**! And to a latent, **kill-crazed** but highly **patriotic psychopath**, one  
threat to the good old red, white and blue is as good as the **next**!



Despite her mental state, Amy wasn't a  
bad sort! But she **did** get carried away at  
times!





Amy's sole friend, constant companion and resident psychoanalyst was Carl "**Scribbles**" **Biederbeck**! Back before the great fire rains, Carl made his living as a **roboticist**...designing the big tin soldiers for what he was sure was the good of god and country!

'Course, when the **nukes** were lighting up the countryside and Carl was huddled in a four-man shelter with thirty or forty **other** fear-crazed survivors, **they** didn't **see** it that way! To them, Carl was just one of the many anonymous, **power-mad** **politicos** who were **responsible** for fucking up their nebulously comfortable lifestyles!

After they thrashed him to within an inch of his miserable life and tossed him out into the vibrant day-glo **wasteland**, Carl was taken in by a beautiful but young, sex-starved but deranged Amy! She damn near **finished** the job the survivors started by **jumping** Carl's **bones** and **humping** him so near to death that the poor boy actually thought he was in **Heaven**!

It was **lust** at first sight...a union made in the **nuclear glow** of **Hell**! Yet, somehow Carl **survived** it. He and Amy had been together **ever since**!







Carl knew that they'd be **easy** on Amy! They always were! There weren't that many **good-looking women** around! And finding one without **radioactive welts** or **sphyilitic pussballs** hanging from her face was a **real** trick!

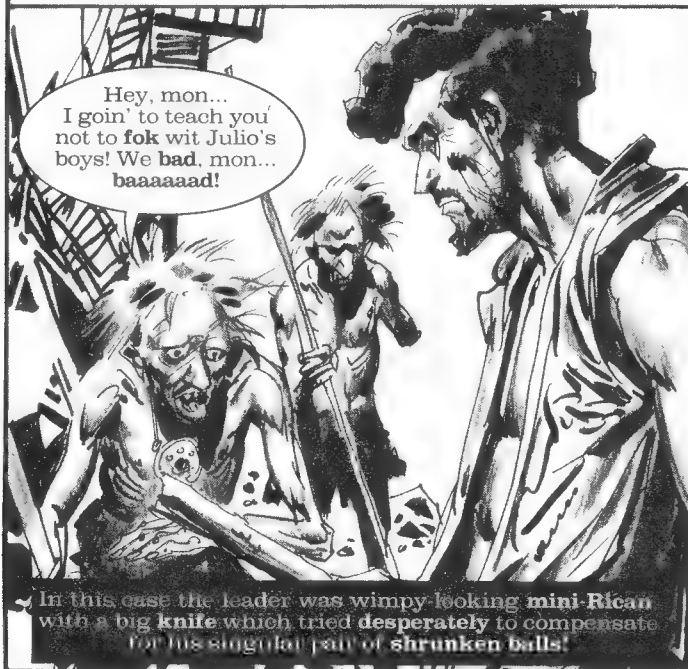
Yeah...they'd be **nice** to Amy! **Real** nice! And since there were about a **dozen** of them...all who would want a juicy piece, heaven **help** the idiot who **scarred** her!



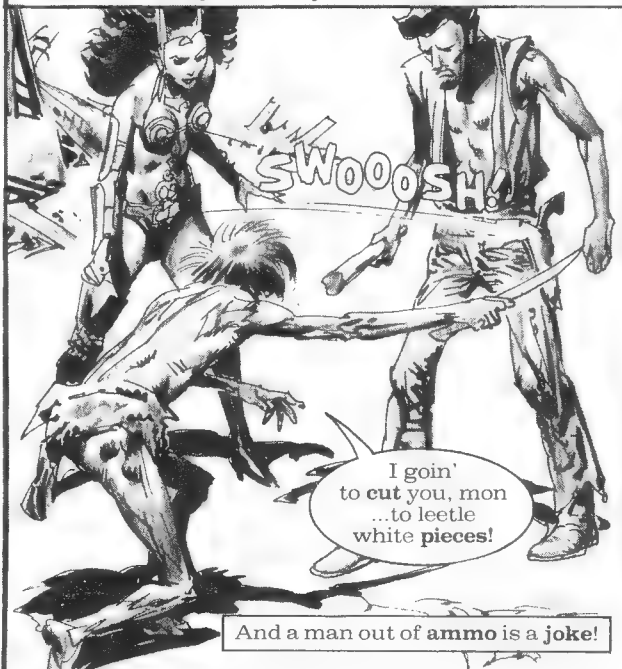
But after years of surviving in the ruins, Amy was **used** to gropy-fingered **muff-chasers**! She whipped out the big industrial **tin gouger** she carried for beating up on defenseless robots...and **laid open** the nearest gropie!



Amy, though, wasn't the **only** vet! Carl had been the route, too! He knew the importance of singling out the **leader** while his followers...usually weak-kneed **cowards** who were scared shitless, **watched!**



Carl knew where little Julio was getting his **courage!** He knew that the **lead gropie** knew that if you've got a **gun** and don't **go** for it in the first second a **scrap** develops, then it's usually because you're out of **ammunition!**



But you take that **same** gun, **empty** or **not**, and **ram** it in your opponent's ear, and he'll hear every murderous thunderbolt it's ever let fly!

Now, you slimy little mother-jumper...  
what did you say you were going to do to me?



Carl never found it particularly difficult dealing with **gropers**...especially with **Amy** at his side! The **hard** part was keeping the overly-excitable girl from making **hamburger** out of everyone the moment there was the least little bit of **trouble!**

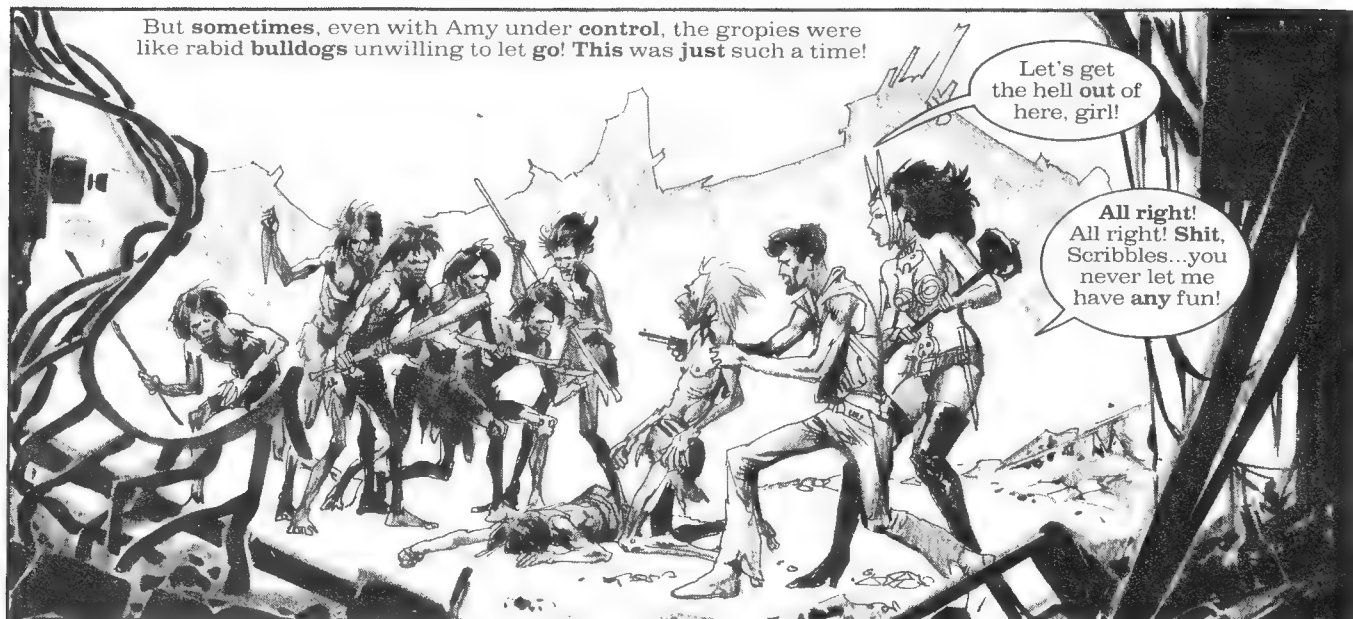




But **sometimes**, even with Amy under **control**, the gropies were like rabid **bulldogs** unwilling to let **go**! This was **just** such a time!

Let's get the hell out of here, girl!

All right! All right! **Shit**, Scribbles...you never let me have **any** fun!



**Outnumbered** and **outgunned**, Carl was beginning to wonder just how **far** he could frogmarch **Mister Dry Look** before his buddies got **irritated** enough for one last en-masse **assault**!

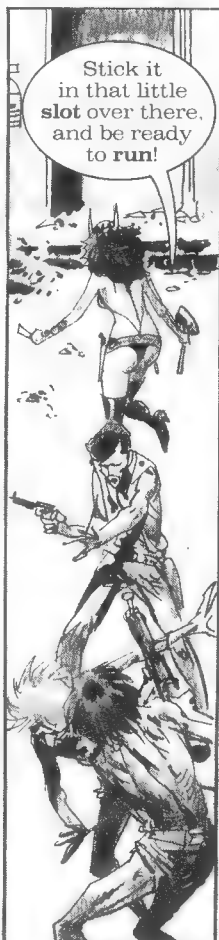
Carl's **mind** was racing **frantically**, until, out of the corner of his eye, he saw...the **bank**! He knew **instantly** that his sweet young ass was about to be **saved**!



Amy...take the **credit card** out of my wallet!

Credit card? Are you **crazy**?

Like most people, Carl was only a **little** crazy back in the pre-Armageddonic days of fast food, slow oil and worthless dollars! He didn't like waiting for a bus in the **rain**, so he deposited **fifty cents** in a bank he **detested**!



Stick it in that **little slot** over there, and be ready to **run**!

And twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, he had a **lighted**, **heated**, **home away** from home!

The only question was...would the **bombs** or **radiation fallout** have **destroyed** the automatic **locking mechanism** that opened up the bank for them?



Move your **ass**, girl! **Inside**! **Now**!

Carl almost **shit** when he heard the rusty mechanism **sing** with **life**...and the door swing rhythmically **open**! He honestly hadn't expected it to **work**! And **Amy**...poor dumb **Amy** didn't know **what** the fuck was happening!



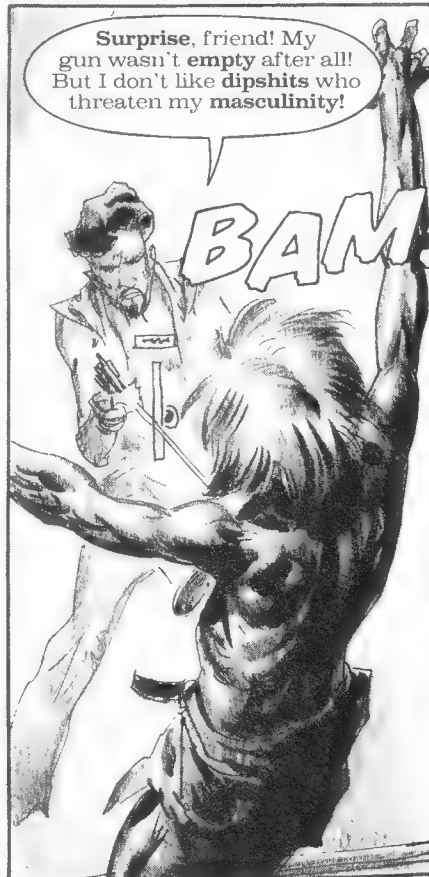
Sorry, Poncho... maybe **next time**!

But Carl hustled her **inside** just as the big bulletproof glass door hummed on its hydraulic hinges...and **slammed** in the face of the little pissed off Puerto Rican **pervert!**



I keel you, greengo! I cut you balls off and feed them to your girl!

**Dumb** Puerto Rican pervert, at that... who didn't know enough not to **anger** a man with a **gun**...especially when he could shoot through an ever-so-handy **mail slot!**



Surprise, friend! My gun wasn't **empty** after all! But I don't like **dipshits** who threaten my **masculinity!**

It may have seemed **cruel** to gun down an **unarmed** man! But Carl was a **realist!** He knew that the tenacious bastard would've been **waiting** for him when he and Amy were finally ready to **leave** the building! What **else** was a guy to do?



Besides...he'd been with Amy so **long**, he wasn't all that sure that some of her more colorful **megalomaniacal** traits hadn't rubbed off on **him!**

Aim! Look at this!

It was a veritable **gold mine!** An International Robotics **Pocketbrain!** The little baby was **functioning**, too! It was all lit up and ready for **work!**



This little sucker holds more **data** than a dozen of those **streetcleaners** you bludgeon to death, Amy!

That's great Scribbles! But I've got something **better!** Look **here!** We eat tonight!

Lollipops!? Uh...**swell** work, kid! Couldn't you have found me a nice rare **prime rib**, though?



Oh, Scribbles...you're so **dumb!** Now why would a bank have any **prime rib?**

You're **right** again. Aim! Oh, **silly** me! Well... maybe I'll get me some smarts talking to the **pocketbrain** in the **think tank** here!

See you in five, Angel!







It was a clear case of **misunderstanding**, actually! A positronic brain, like a human one, can become, well...**unbalanced**, too! In a **high-level** unit, a simple case of **megomania** could, depending on its peripheral connections, develop into anything from **demi-god** to **master-of-the-world** delusions!

It was obvious to **Carl** that the little pocket brain had been inflicted with a clearcut case of **Ellison syndrome**...when a **minuscule** mind suddenly developed **egomaniacal delusions of grandeur**!

As Carl struggled **valiantly** with the tiny mechanical ego, **Amy** remained **oblivious** to it all...locked in a near-catatonic reverie of blood-drenched **daydreams**!



She never even **heard** the silent, ominous **metal behemoth** slowly clanking towards her...



...until Carl, dually frustrated by his **mental** as well as **physical constipation**, chose that **moment** to conclude his conversation with the **other** intellectual dildo in his life!



The robo-tank was a Patton Mark IV Series A **Man-masher**! And the minute Amy **rushed** it, she was as good as **out cold**! Despite its ominous name and appearance, Carl knew, they built those babies to be **accurate...not deadly!** And he should know! He helped **design** them!



Carl knew, too, that there wasn't a damn thing he could **do** for Amy! There wasn't even much he could **do for himself!** If a **Man-masher** **wanted** you, you might as well bend over and kiss your sweet ass **goodbye!**

He could hear the big sucker **flatten** the door behind him! He felt the **stun-lasers** flash by his left ear! And a moment later, he whirled to face a **monstrosity** out of a totally **different** nightmare!

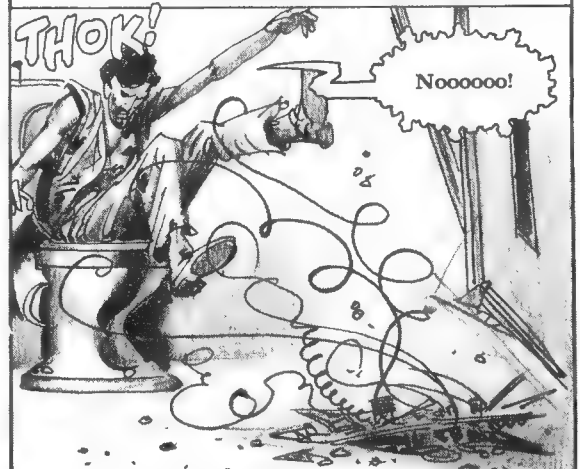
Oh, the **man-masher** was still there! But so were about **thirty** other war-robs! It was **desperation** time! Carl could only think of one, **last-ditch** play!



All right, you oily metal **turd**...one more step and I **mash** your little **friend** here!



But Carl showed **them**! He had the **gonads** all right! He **mashed** the little brain under his heel, **trouncing** it with all of the destructive vigor Amy displayed on one of her better days! And with the little robotoid's waning energy...it **lashed back** at Carl, and **humiliation** of humiliations...

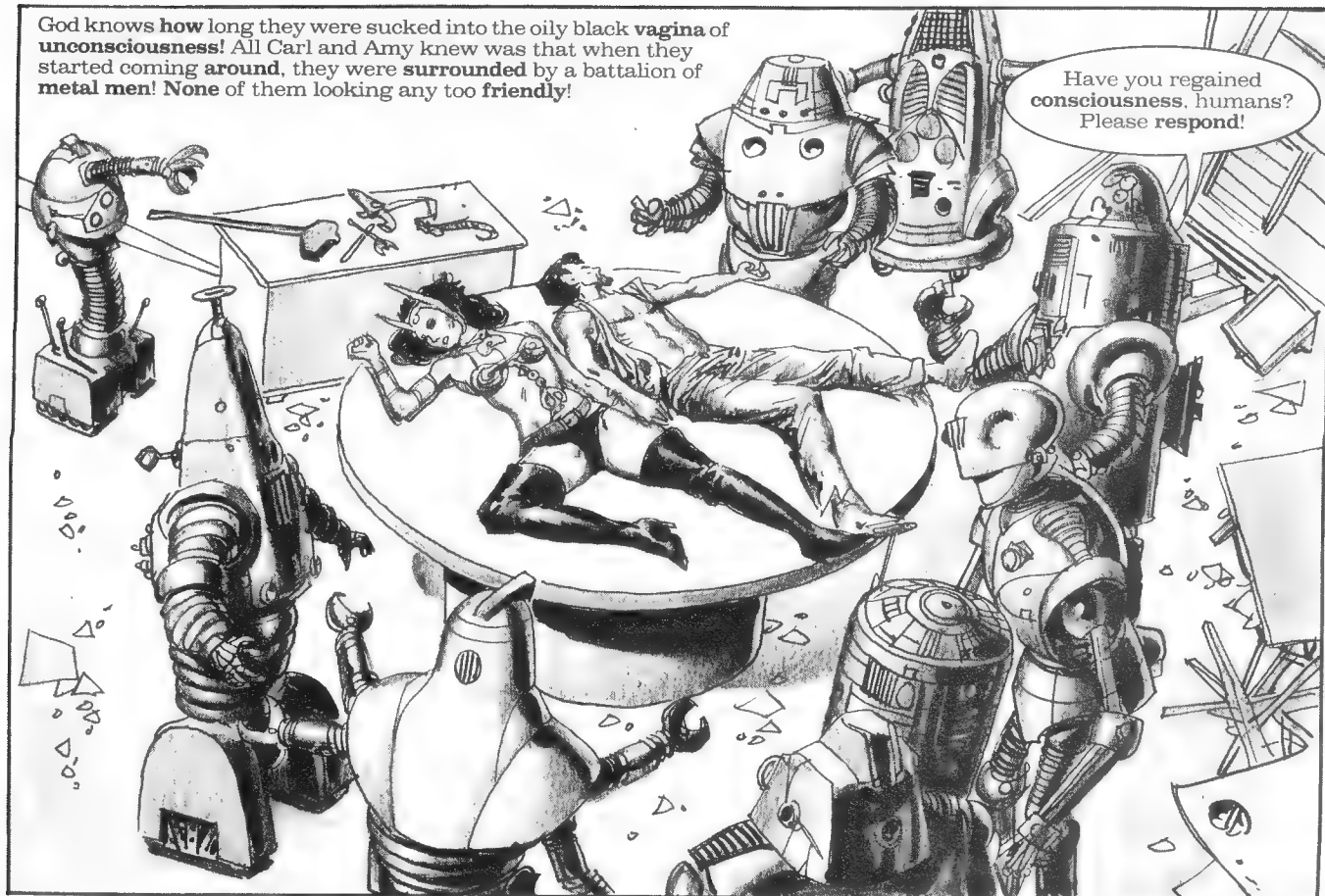


...the blushing roboticist **scrambled** his **brains** against that most humble of human contrivances...!



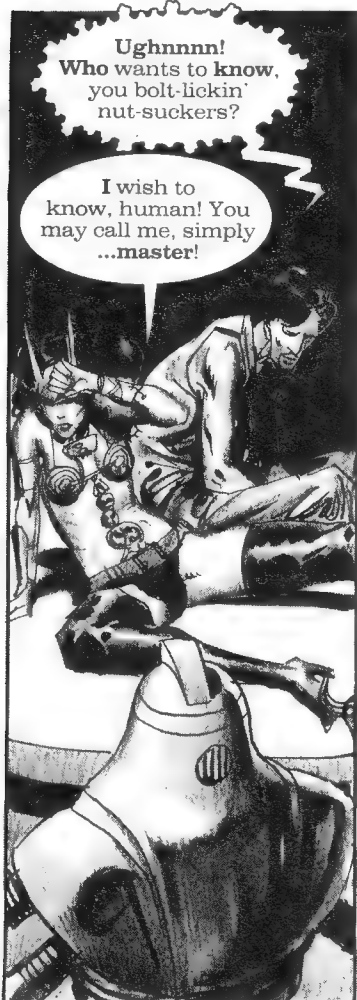
God knows **how** long they were sucked into the oily black **vagina** of **unconsciousness**! All Carl and Amy knew was that when they started coming around, they were **surrounded** by a battalion of **metal men**! None of them looking any too **friendly**!

Have you regained consciousness, humans? Please respond!



Ughnnnn!  
Who wants to know,  
you bolt-lickin'  
nut-suckers?

I wish to  
know, human! You  
may call me, simply  
...master!

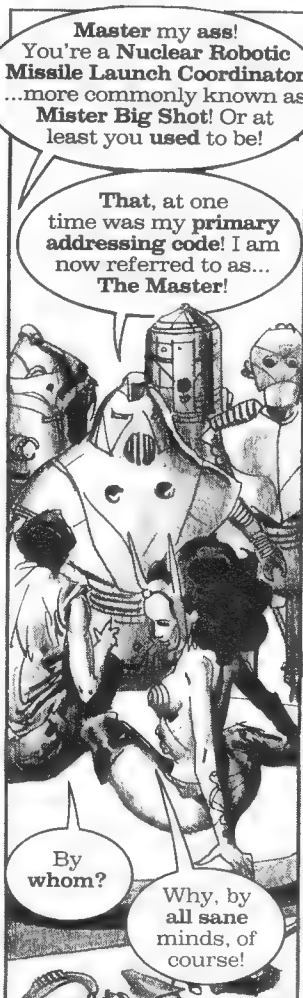


Master my ass!  
You're a **Nuclear Robotic  
Missile Launch Coordinator**  
...more commonly known as  
**Mister Big Shot!** Or at  
least you used to be!

That, at one  
time was my **primary  
addressing code**! I am  
now referred to as...  
**The Master!**

By  
whom?

Why, by  
all sane  
minds, of  
course!



If Mr. B.S. here was "alive" and running the show, it was pretty easy to figure what had happened! Obviously, the war room where he'd been stationed had been hit by one or more of the dirtier incoming bombs. And the same intense radioactivity that had wiped out war room personnel had fucked up old B.S.'s programming!



Chances were **also** good that the third round of nukes which B.S. had never launched, were still on **standby**, just waiting for him to give the **launch signal**! And if Carl convinced the robot that his programming had gone haywire



well, B.S. might just take it upon himself to fire the birds and start a whole new round of fighting with whoever the hell was still out there!

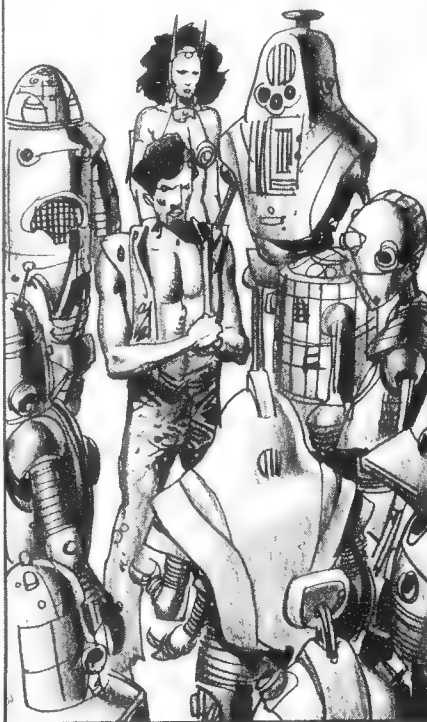
Another scary thought crossed Carl's mind, too! He didn't **dare** tamper with the robot or try to shut him **down**! Who **else** but old **B.S.** could program a **million robots in five minutes**?

Clearly, Carl was going to have to **convince** the wayward machine that **humans** were still more important than **robots**, and that only a **human** and not a piece of **tin** deserved to be **master**!



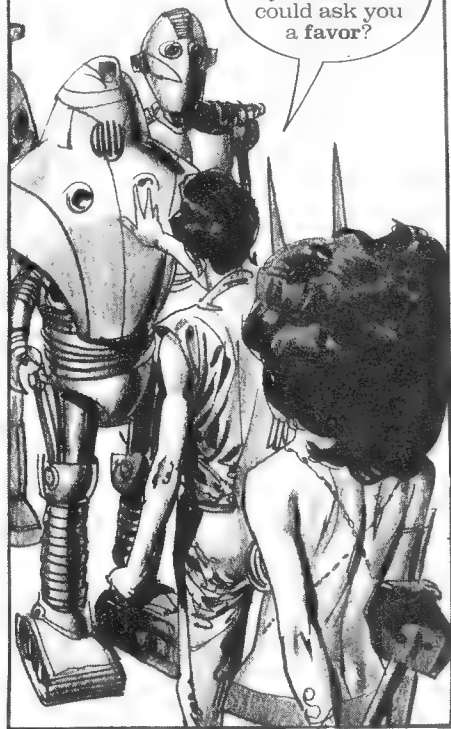
It shouldn't be **too hard**, Carl mused! It was just the **First Law of Robotics**!

But convincing a **psychotic machine** of **anything** would be harder than making **Amy** give up **sex** for **Lent**!



The wheels within Carl's aching brain churned **frantically**! One small **fuck up**...one **misstep** and the robots wouldn't just **crush** him...but would very probably **blast** the meager remnants of **humankind** to **hell** and back!

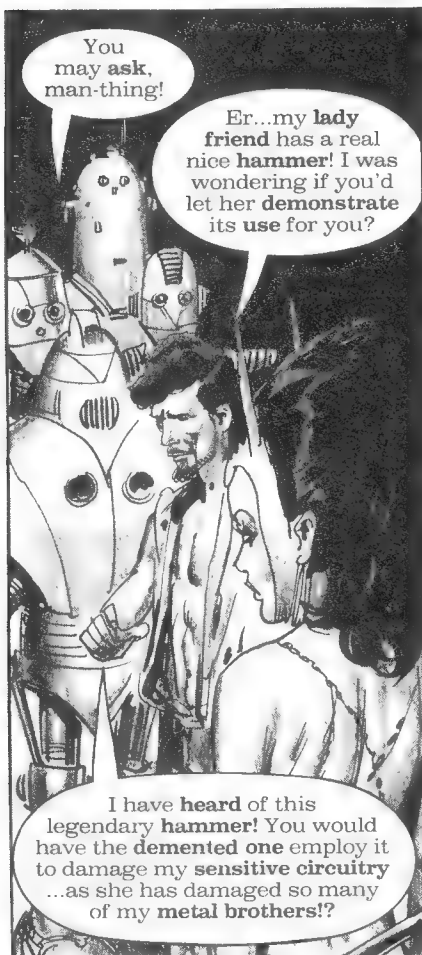
Uh, listen. Big Shot! Do you think I could ask you a favor?



You may ask, man-thing!

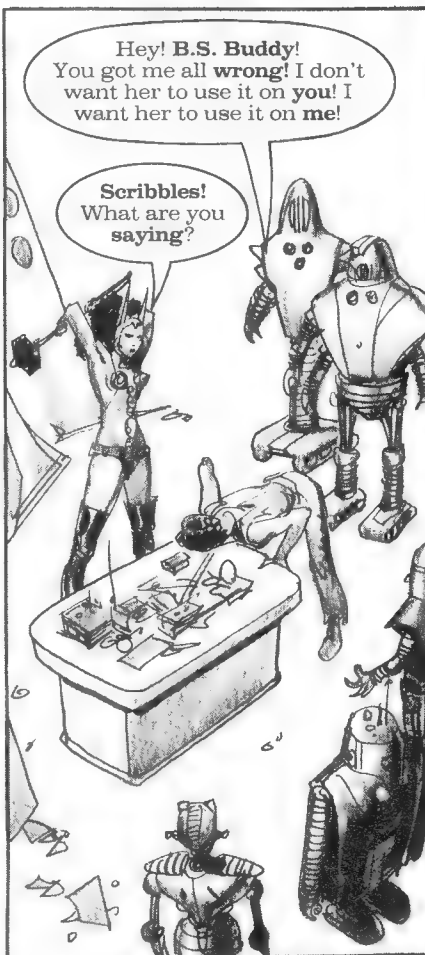
Er...my **lady** friend has a real nice **hammer**! I was wondering if you'd let her **demonstrate** its **use** for you?

I have **heard** of this legendary **hammer**! You would have the **demented one** employ it to damage my **sensitive circuitry** ...as she has damaged so many of my **metal brothers**!?



Hey! **B.S. Buddy**! You got me all **wrong**! I don't want her to use it on **you**! I want her to use it on **me**!

**Scribbles!** What are you saying?



C'mon, Amy... don't play **dumb**! You know what I'm **doing**!

I'm going to have myself **killed**!



Now stop wasting time, girl...

...DO IT!!



Carl's gamble paid off when a slick-armed waldo lurched out just in time to stop Amy's hamburger helper from turning his head into a scatter-brained pizza!

NOOOOO!!

You've got to hand it to Carl! He certainly earned his pay that day! But it just made sense! A robot mind that couldn't launch missiles that it had been pre-programmed to launch, probably couldn't take the responsibility for killing billions of people!

When the orders came for it to kill, it simply developed a separate personality and a simple master syndrome on top of that!

No, no, no, Amy! The robots are our friends now! You've got to get that into your fuzzy little head!

They're the only tools we have left! And if we're ever going to get back on our feet, we've got to get it over to everybody that the robots aren't going to get us into another war!

When Carl addressed the robot, its master personage couldn't retain its separate identity without breaking First Law! If the roboticist's skull had splattered, so would the robot's mind!

All right! Now that I'm in control, there's going to be some changes around here!

Shall I relinquish control of the warheads to you, sir?

Don't bother, B.S. Just shut them down!

We've got a whole world to repair! And...I hate to say it, but we've all helped to give robots a bad reputation!

Shall I shut the robots down. Scribbles? You know how I'd love to be the one to immobilize them all!

So we're going to fix that starting right now!

We need a spokesman...an ambassador...kind of a public relations person to boost the image of our maligned robots!

And I think I know just the person for the job!



Sure it was a little much to believe! But did people go for it? You bet your juicy pink ones they did!

It was tough trying to convince Amy...but as Queen of the New Human Empire and Mistress of the Robots, she finally got a whack at using that hammer of hers at something other than psychopathic self-gratification!

After all, hammers are used for building, too!

As for Carl...well, when he's not repairing robots or advising Her Worshipfulness, he tinkers with his history book! After all, someone's got to chronicle the benefits of civilization for future generations!

And a little P.R. spread as thickly as possible never hurt anything!



# FULL COLOR SCI-FI POSTERS



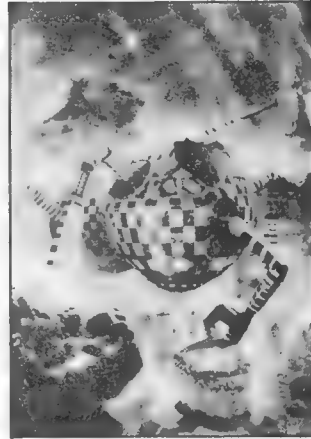
**THE ALLIGATOR:** Big 20" x 28" full color poster of a slime covered alligator getting a case of the munchies! All in full color! #29017—\$3.00



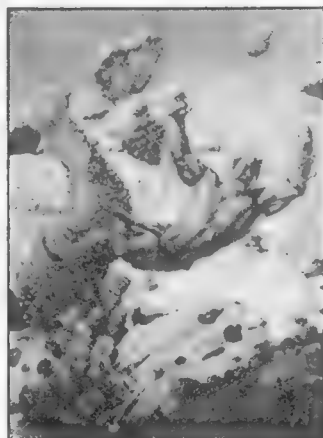
**THE GOLDEN AMAZON:** Boris Vallejo strikes again in this 20" x 28" full color poster of a beautiful barbarian queen! #29018—\$3.00



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**ROBOT INVASION:** It doesn't take much time to destroy a world as this robot rampages in a full color 24" x 35 1/2" poster! #29035—\$3.00



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**GAUNTLET:** Brilliant full color poster of Clint Eastwood in a gigantic 19 3/4" x 28" size. A super poster for all Clint Eastwood fans! #29032—\$2.50



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**INTERCOSMIC COMBAT:** Blazing dogfights on an alien asteroid as ships pummel each other with laser-blasters! Brilliant full color poster is a gigantic 22" x 32 1/2" #29023—\$2.50

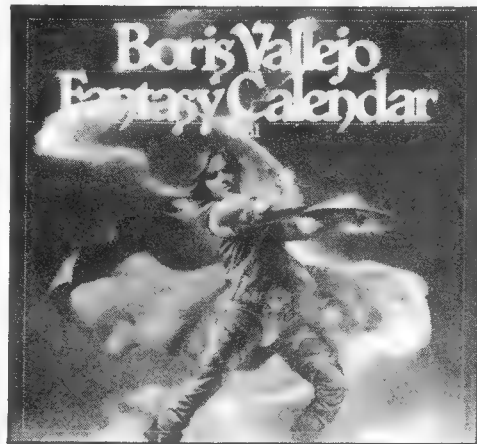


**ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA:** The fabulous Electric Light Orchestra in a big 24" x 19 1/2" full color poster of E.L.O. in their flying saucer space station! #29027—\$2.50

**FULL COLOR  
SCI-FI  
POSTERS FROM  
BEYOND SPACE,  
BEYOND TIME,  
BEYOND MAN'S  
IMAGINATION!**



**INVASION:** The Earth abides as this dripping insectoid horror rises menacingly from the wreckage of its spaceship! This is a gigantic 22" x 32 1/2" full color poster! #29024—\$2.50



# BORIS VALLEJO

## FANTASY CALENDAR!

**BORIS VALLEJO CALENDAR 1981:** The personal selections of Boris Vallejo's own fantasy paintings. This gorgeous display of lush forms, rich imagery and extraordinary color is superbly reproduced in 12, 12"x12½" paintings and one 24"x12½" centerfold! Each month will reveal yet another incredible Vallejo fantasy! Voyage with Vallejo to incredible worlds, to our deepest desires and highest dreams! All on highest quality stock! #26267/\$5.95



## NEW CORBEN POSTER

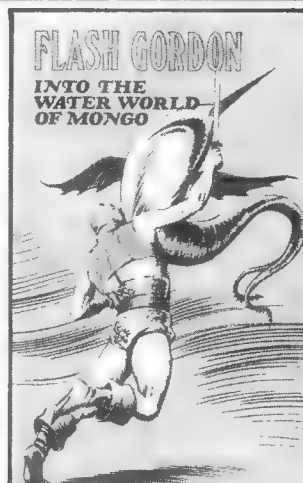


**CORBEN POSTER:** Incredibly colorful Corben bursts forth in this huge new 19½"x27½" poster from the Neverwhen series! This is Den as the savage paragon of the carnal combat! Printed in the lushest colors available today, without any type on the artwork whatsoever! #29044/\$2.25

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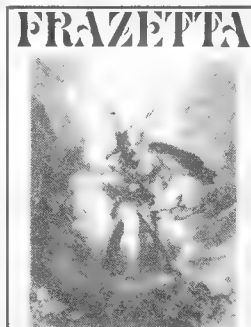


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# GHITA

## OF ALIZARR

BY FRANK THORNE

Quiet, little one.  
I am Ghita! I have bar-  
gained away my soul with  
this blade!

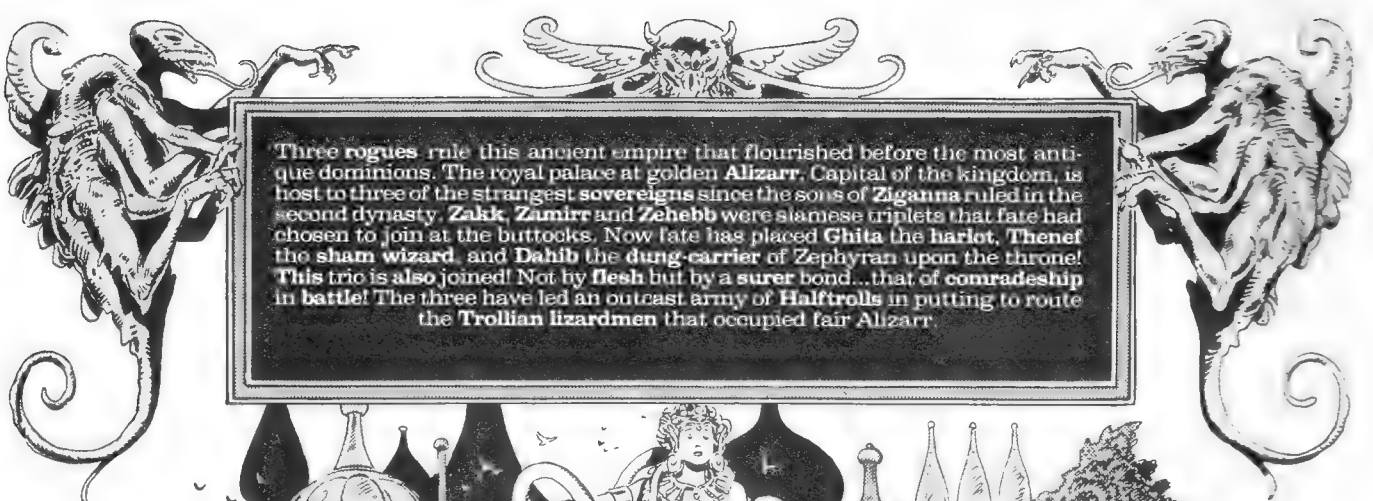
This shaft is my  
lover! See its shape?  
It is a steel penis forged  
in Hell by demon  
smithies.

In battle it is the  
silver cock of doom! Each time  
I swing its length against my  
foe I reach a climax no fleshly  
rod can match!

It makes  
ball lightning of my  
breasts and heats my  
cleft to pulsing like the  
throat of an alchemist's  
oven!

I stole this sword  
and bits of armor from  
the tomb of the warrior  
Khan-Dagon! His stinking  
corpse gifted me with  
the skills of a master  
swordsman!

And so, Ghita the  
tawdry bitch, has  
hacked her way from  
the seedy brothels to  
the throne of  
Alizarr!



Three rogues rule this ancient empire that flourished before the most antique dominions. The royal palace at golden Alizarr, Capital of the kingdom, is host to three of the strangest sovereigns since the sons of Ziganna ruled in the second dynasty. Zakk, Zamirr and Zehebb were siamese triplets that fate had chosen to join at the buttocks. Now fate has placed Ghita the harlot, Thenef the sham wizard, and Dahib the dung-carrier of Zephyran upon the throne! This trio is also joined! Not by flesh but by a surer bond...that of comradeship in battle! The three have led an outcast army of Halftrolls in putting to route the Trollian lizardmen that occupied fair Alizarr.



Our Goddess, Tammuz, is at last restored to her rightful place! It is a splendid day, brother Halftroll.

It is a good omen for the coming harvest!

See! A dove is perched upon her golden crown!

The remnants of the defeated Troll armies have retreated to the northern provinces. Peace has brought a time of rebuilding to Alizarr. The damage wrought by warfare is mended. Man and Halftroll live as equals within its walls. Halftrolls, once a breed of slaves under Trollish masters have long-fought valiantly to win a homeland and freedom from servitude!



Daily the affairs of state are brought to the throne. Chancellors and generals and all the solemn minions of power lay their burdens before the three vagabonds that share the crown. If royal robes seem ill-fitting upon the rowdy trio, the responsibilities of office are even more of a cumbersome load. And the mantle of government is beginning to chafe!



Thenef squeezes another shot of ginmead from his flask as the morning's supply of royal concern is laid before the unlikely trio. Ghita, half awake, struggles to overcome the effects of an evening of merrymaking! Earnest Dahib eagerly accepts his role and dispenses sovereign wisdom with humility and sound judgement!

Sires,  
the Nepthyan  
Ambassador wishes  
an audience.

Your highnesses,  
these scrolls are  
in need of the royal  
signatures!

King Dahib,  
the Council of Boleth  
wishes you to accept a  
burthen of gold ingots  
in tribute to your  
high office.

Return  
the bullion  
with my humble  
respects!

"The princes of Boleth are wise!" Dahib smiles keenly and continues. "But so is a crow wise! We Halftrolls have lived all our lives as poor as crows, if not as shrewdly. Our wisdom is simple, not of princely weave. But neither is it too simple to see favor being bought with a burthen of gold ingots!"

Bravo,  
Dahib!

Well enough!  
But I prefer Thenef's  
horn of wisdom! Share  
it, wizard.

It be a chore,  
as is carrying dung!  
But I'm much warmer to  
the task of wearing  
a crown!

**Rahmuz**, the principal wizard of **Urd**, has dispatched two envoys to observe the new queen of **Alizarr**. The **Urdian** sorcerer festers with **ambition** to rule the empire. All of the southern provinces **know** of the monstrous wizard. The mage was born with two sets of **arms** and a furnace of **lust** at the core of his being. He craves **power** and beautiful freakish women for his harems, deep within the palace of his domain.

**Caution!** Master Rahmuz says she loves swordplay as much as being abed with a man.

Ah! A whore adept at **sabering** ...with breasts the size of juicy melons!



Carrying off a sow is easy work! But this sow is the **Queen of Alizarr!**

This is a task for **Rahmuz's magic!** And not a simple one even so.



I've had enough of this! My bum is sore from sitting, and my brain has shrunk like a walnut!

Thenef! Dahib! Come! We'll hear this round robin of weary requests another day!

**Chancellor!** Be wetnurse to the business of running the affairs of state! We've heard a call to sporting!



I'm for swimming bare-bum in the **Zorr!**

Or riding to the thief's carnival at **Baalzarra!**

I'll bring a pouch of **sotweed** for the smoking!



Hair-balls of dung! If **boredom** be the fate of sovereigns I'd rather be back in the **bawdy quarter!**

Or I at the ale-house of **Nephtys!**

**Ruling** suits me ...but not so much as **jollity!**





The trio **romps** into the royal chambers. We'll take the best mounts in the stable and ride **south**. Ghita chirps as she does a **tipsy pirouette** on the deep carpet. "Our old troupe of players is sure to be travelling on the **Urdian road**!"

We'll join tonight's show!

If **Vitharr** will have us in our leisure as former players.

**Aye!** The bumpkins will see a **queen** do the dance of **ecstasy**!

They will see a **Goddess** dance this night!

They will see my **holy one**, the queen of **Heaven**, perform.

**Aye**, my pet, ye still be a **Goddess** to **Dahib** and his kind.

If I be **holy** to **Half trolls**, what of it? They be **innocent** of lofty things!

A **wench** is God enough for **Dahib**!

And a **noggin** of **ginmead**, ample **grub** and a **warm berth** for **ungodly** pleasures is good enough for a **wench**!

Thenef watches Ghita's golden hair billow in the breeze. He **marvels** at her free spirit and **wonders** at the whimsical bond that has kept them together! He has been with her since her **girlhood**, and has yet to resolve his **true feelings** toward the woman.

How many leagues to **Urd**, my Goddess?

A day's ride. We journeyed there eight harvests past, eh Thenef?

In the shade of a high noon sun the three knaves pass the **sootweed pipe!**

Holy one, you would have been a maid of **sixteen** when you were last at dusty Urd!

Nearly so! And **Thenef** was still well on the bright side of **forty** summers!

Aye! The troupe was playing by royal command!



How **great** a city must be Urd! Though I hear it fell to evil masters.

Since the dethroning of **Queen Nobeth**, all is **sour** news from that place.

Perhaps, had we not taken her **golden spittoon**, she'd have had a longer reign!

A merry tale! Please, tell of it!



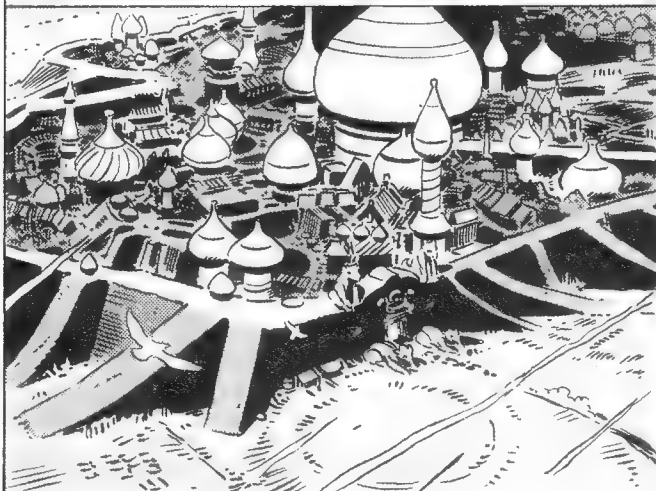
Nobeth! **Ho!** She was a **good-natured** walrus, and my age **exact!**

And **Runthar**, her king...he was **younger** than I! Nobeth could have been **mother** to us.

It was still the **more droll** in that **Runthar** was missing a leg!



"The streets of Urd were jammed with wealthy merchants, in for trading, and the fertility festivals of the spring moon!"



"After a morning of rehearsal for the show in Nobeth's pleasure dome, Thenef and I joined the crowds in the central bazaar!"





Had the prosperous gentry only **known** that their **pockets** were being **picked** by the future rulers of Alizarr...! The **magician** and the **dancing girl** moved casually through the crowds **filching** **valuables** from the pockets of unsuspecting visitors to the Urdian marketplace!



Ghita had been **gifted** with many **talents** which Thenef nurtured into the skills necessary for **survival** in a dark epoch! He was a master tutor of **thievery**, **deception** and **seduction**. Ghita learned all the skills essential to **pleasing** a man, **stealing** his money and then **vanish** like the breath from a newly polished **scimitar**!

But even an accomplished **pickpocket** can **err**!

The pudgy hand of a Zithian **sailor** closed around the wrist of young Ghita!



Kind sir!  
I meant not  
to steal from  
so noble a  
gentleman!

Stow the bilge,  
little teats!  
You'll be **without**  
this hand by my  
testimony!

Sire.

Who be you?  
Another thief...  
or her pimp?

Both,  
honorable  
sire.

More a **pimp**  
this hour to  
strike a bargain  
of **mercy** for  
the pleasure  
of the **best**  
piece of bum  
in Urd!



Kolya the seaman glanced at Ghita and roared with laughter! "You'd best be more adept at taking **cocks** than **coins**," he growled! The bear-like sailor **whispered** to **Thenef** as he loosened his grip on the girl's wrist. "I be in Urd at the bidding of my captain. Our ship lays off the coast of Ohmzorr. I'll **pass** on little teat's **wet-notch** if you'll do a bit of **thievery** in my employ." Kolya gestured toward a nearby **mug-house**. "Come," He grunted! "We'll want to chin over a pigginn of **ginmead** at a table in yonder inn!"

I saw you both perform in the square this past evening.

Tonight we play before **Queen Nobeth** and her king!

In the palace **pleasure dome**!



I **know** of it! That is why I show you **this...**!

Ten pieces of gold at a **qintar-weight** each!

That be a king's treasure!



Here! Each take **one**! The **other eight** are yours when you bring me the **golden spittoon** from 'neath **Nobeth's bed**!

**Ho!** For ten **qintars** of gold I'll bring you the **queen**!

A **spittoon**, even made of **gold**, seems hardly worth **this** reward!



It is no mere **spittoon**! It is a **holy chalice**, stolen long ago from the temple of **Neptor**, the **sea god**.

Be warned that the royal chambers are **scrutinized** by **Rahmuz**, the court **wizard**!



**Hmmm!** How to gain **entrance** to the queen's **boudoir**?

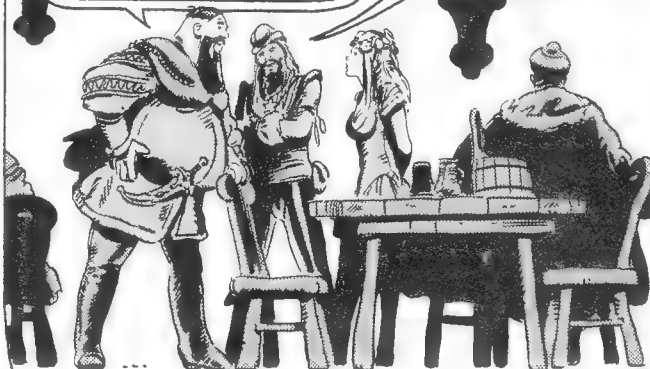
Your **talents** will **charm** them! Bid them see a **private show**! **Nobeth's** as **horny** a dame as ever wore a crown!

The **king**, I hear, is of **my age**.



**Young King Runthar** is suspect of being partial to **boyloving...** if he's ever used his **pecker** for more than **pulling** at his own **pleasure**!

The **priests** of **Neptor** will have their **chalice back**! We'll bring it **here** at this time **tomorrow**!





Amber rays of a setting sun dust the great Urtlian pleasure dome with a golden glow. The traveling players spin into the finale of their spectacle of mummery, dance and magic. Queen Nobeth applauds wildly and booms her approval of the show. King Runthar sits quietly watching with mute attention as Ghita Glides toward the royal settee and begins the sizzling dance of ecstasy.



Nobeth glances at Runthar and notices the rare attitude of interest. she whispers to a courtier. "See! Runt is hypnotized by the body of that dancing girl. Perhaps the chamberlain's fear about the boy is unfounded. I'd say he's a late bloomer sorely in need of a good tum-bump!" The courtier carefully chooses his words. "Such interests should be encouraged...to save the throne from the abuse of...unmanly rumor!"



Ghita gyrates before the young king as the beat of the codina quickens!



Forgive a lowborn conjuror who presumes to address the fairest queen in the empire.

I cannot but speak and dedicate my poor magic to so lustrous a sovereign!



A shower of blossoms for the queen who makes white heat of simple passion...

...and a bonfire of studied desire!



The magician be full of horse dung, but charming even so.

I've a twitch and a moist fire!



Have them come to the chambers! We'll initiate Runt with the dancing girl!

And I'll judge if the magician's wooing is as clever as his flattery!

Thenet speaks softly to Ghita as they are escorted to the royal suite. "We'll get them filled with drink! Keep Runt amused, and I'll manage to get under Nobeth's bed, if not on it!"

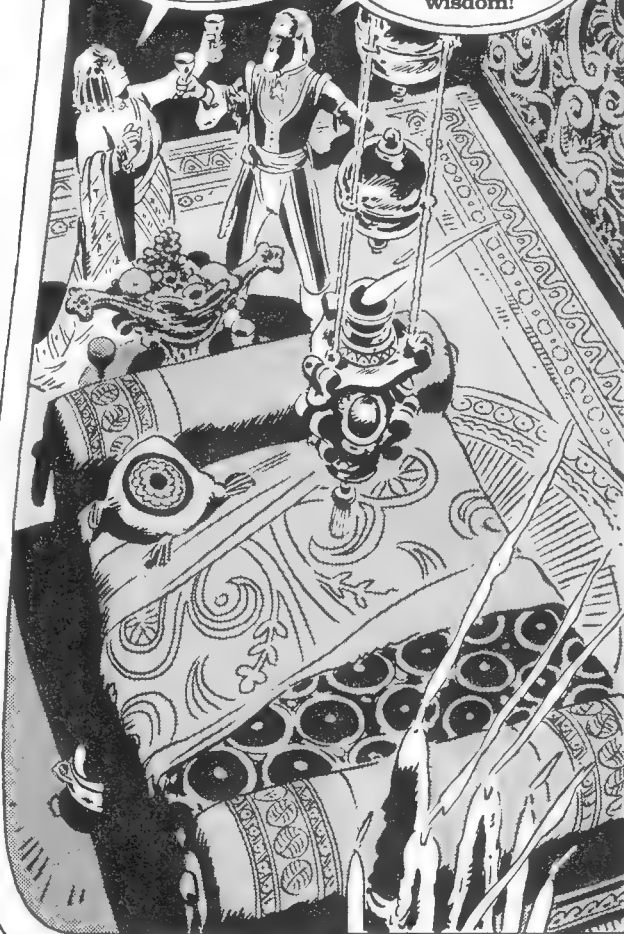




The crown bedrooms are equal in size and separated by a wall of carved mahogany! Nobeth bids the rooms be emptied of servants as she guides Thener into her boudoir! Ghita, meanwhile, joins Runthar in his chamber!

Here's to conjury and a clever conjurer! You're a trickster to a queen's taste with an eye on something more than hocus-pocus!

I have heard the ballads of frenzied young poets in every corner of the Empire! They sing of Nobeth's beauty and wisdom!



If I may call you Ghita, you can call me Runt. Everyone calls me that!

How does so young a man reach the throne of Urd?

To call me a king is as much mockery as calling me a whole person for the lack of a cursed leg!



Rotten politics and compromise made Nobeth and I puppets in royal garb!

The real power is with Rahmuz in yonder wizard tower!

Court matters are confusing. Will you bed with me?



I have never been with a woman!

This stump is a demon's curse that would make woman-loving a show of clowns!

Clown shows I know of. It is not as high an art as pleasing men, but both be a merry pastime!



If you were to play at being a sad clown...

...and I a clown that makes love to him...

...which be the sadder clown?





Ghita...I have only known the love...of men ...and boys!

Does that make me more a fool than a sad clown?

I've rolled abed with **women!** It's not a sad affair! To love **both genders** is not wicked!

Everyone is part **satyr** and part **nymph**, Sir Runt.

You may now favor **boy buggery**, but let me show you the way of **nymph-loving!**

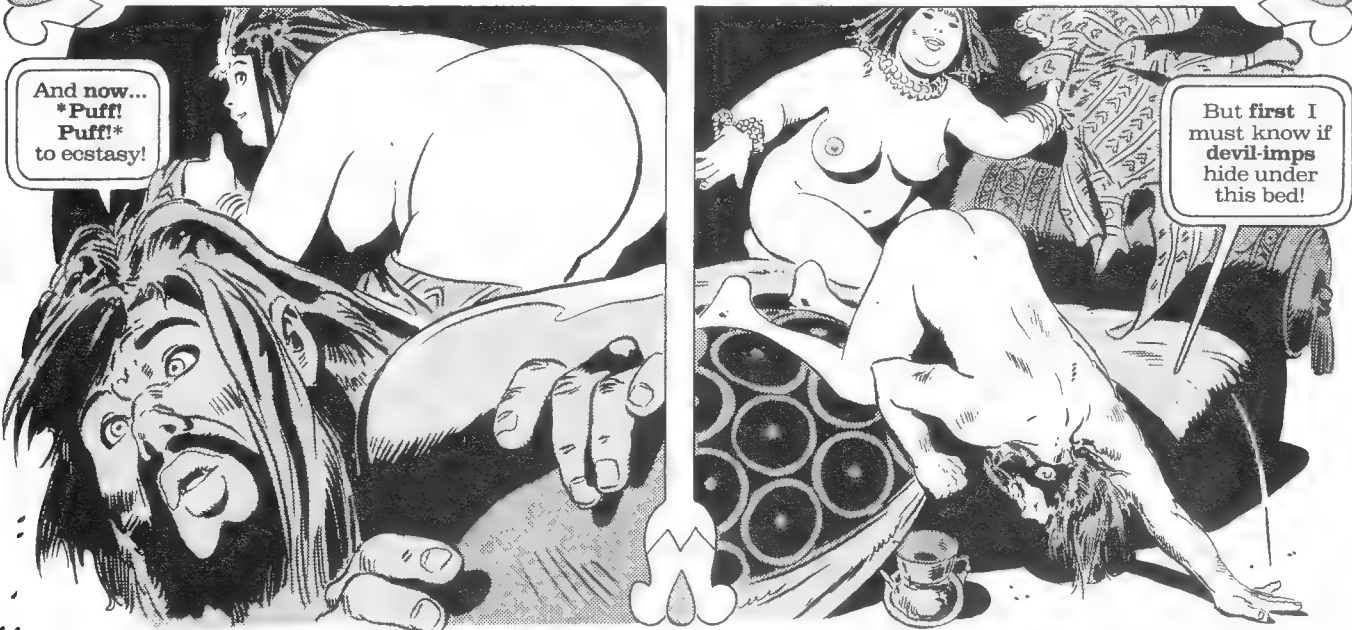
Nobeth's wooing is spared the awkwardness of youth! Thence, made mighty with a glut of ginmead, is heroic in his romancing of the lascivious queen! Still, while he hefts his portly in-amorata, his aim is more to what is hid under the bed than the sport upon it!



Conjurer! You've got me as drunk as a priest of Boleth!

My notch is fairly puckered and aflame!

My... sylphlike queen!



And now...  
**\*Puff!**  
**\*Puff!\***  
to ecstasy!

But first I must know if **devil-imps** hide under this bed!



Assured that the **golden spittoon** is indeed under the bed, Thener **mounts** the portly queen! Now he must devise a **plan** to **make off** with the vessel! As the veteran lover **pounds** his mountainous mate, the novice **king** nervously joins Ghita upon the bed in the adjoining room. There are **long** moments of awkward **silence**!



Runthar watches with fascination as Ghita gently kisses his stubbed leg! She strokes the stump and whispers, "As with you, part of me was torn away. During the plague year everything seemed sundered! My family. My maidenhood. gone! Yet I still think of myself as whole! Our spirits alone are of a piece!"



Thus, King Runthar heeds the primal summons of female love. The transition is not unnoted by destiny or unnoticed by the piercing eye of a hidden observer!



Rahmuz, supreme wizard of Urd, peers into Runthar's room from a cubicle adjoining the royal chambers. "It be the first time I've seen Runthar with a girl! She is more adept than a grown wench at lovemaking! See for yourself, Dakini! Even with your four paps I doubt if you could please him as well as this girl!" The multi-breasted woman glances through the peephole. "A gazelle!" She whispers. "She moves like a wanton doe!"

The girl is a prodigy! I have never seen such skill and imagination... even in the flesh-pits of Baalzarra!

What do you know of her?

She is called Ghita! She danced with the minstrels that entertained Runt and the fat pig this night!

But as expert as the child is, she is without truly unique endowments!

She is not a sister of capricious birth!

Pity. Only in the harems of Rahmuz is it unfortunate to be without unique endowments!

As Rahmuz fondles Dakini's quartet of shiny breasts, Thenef pounds Nobeth to a succession of blubbery climaxes! In trying to urge the spittoon from under the bed, the mage, of a sudden, jams his foot into the holy vessel of Neptor!



Undaunted, Thene! pumps on, wearing the spittoon like an ungainly siege boot! With a sweaty heave, Nobeth changes position with the feckless wizard.



The boozy queen rears with laughter as she struggles to detach the cuspidor! "Not since the mastiff peed on the major-Dome's hat, have I laughed this much!"

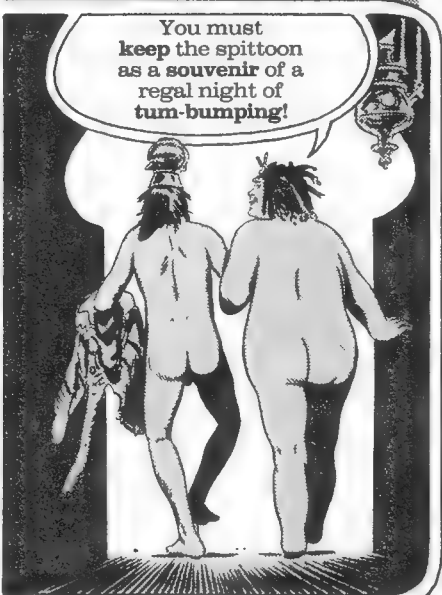
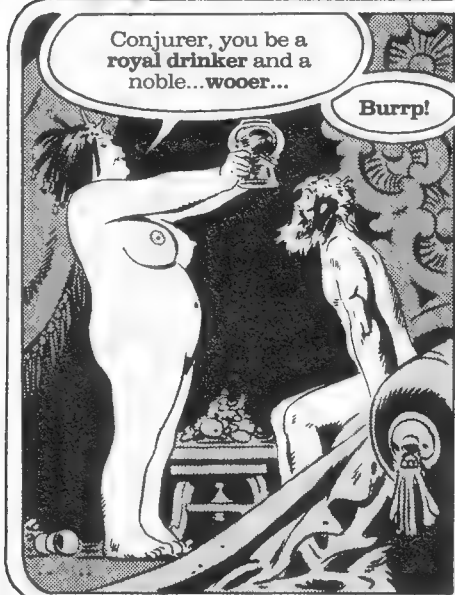


Conjurer, you be a royal drinker and a noble...woocer...

Burrrp!

...so I dub you prince of the golden pot!

You must keep the spittoon as a souvenir of a regal night of tum-bumping!



But, as Theneb and Ghita ended the tale, Dahib gleefully pressed them for more details.

But what of the Zithian sailor? Did he give you the qintars of gold?

Nobeth and Runthar ...were you with them after that night?

Was the lad coaxed from boy bunting?



Aye! We took the gold in exchange for the bowl!

And we lost it quickly at gaming and high living!

Our troupe moved on the next day! We never saw the king or queen again!



Two harvests ago I met a wench in the whore-snuggery at Boleth.

She spoke of bedding with a one-legged man who boasted of once being a king!



He asked if she knew of a woman called Ghita, for he had travelled the empire in search of her.

It would be Runthar! He had tasted of my glorious goddess!



Further down the dusty road that winds toward Urd, the trio sight a line of tents near the walled city of Baalzarra!

Ahead! See, wizard? The minstrels of mirth play here tonight!



If Runthar has not forgotten Ghita, neither has Rahmuz, the multi-armed sorcerer of Urd. He must have the tawdry empress for his harem!

To be continued!



# STAR WARS

## ELECTRONIC GAME COMPUTER AND RADIO CONTROLLED SAND CRAWLER

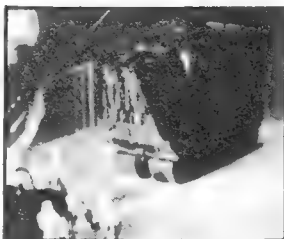
### STAR WARS ELECTRONIC ACTION BATTLE COMPUTER

**STAR WARS ELECTRONIC BATTLE COMMAND** An exciting new intergalactic electronic combat game which allows you to simulate the battle actions from Star Wars. From the simple to the complex, from one to three players, this new electronic game allows for any level of play! Simulate interstellar dogfights, simulate all the elements of hyperspace action such as the landing on Magma, being trapped in a black hole and having your force units drained. Then contend with the hidden wrinkles of hyperspace that can bounce you into other sectors of the universe! For hours of combat thrills play against your friends or the machine itself! Uses 6 AA batteries or a special adapter not included! #26197/\$49.95

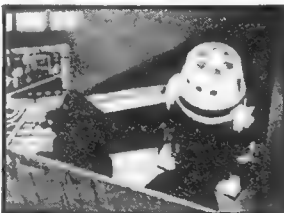


**NEW!**

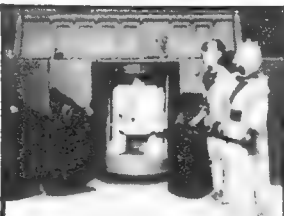
### RADIO CONTROLLED SAND CRAWLER



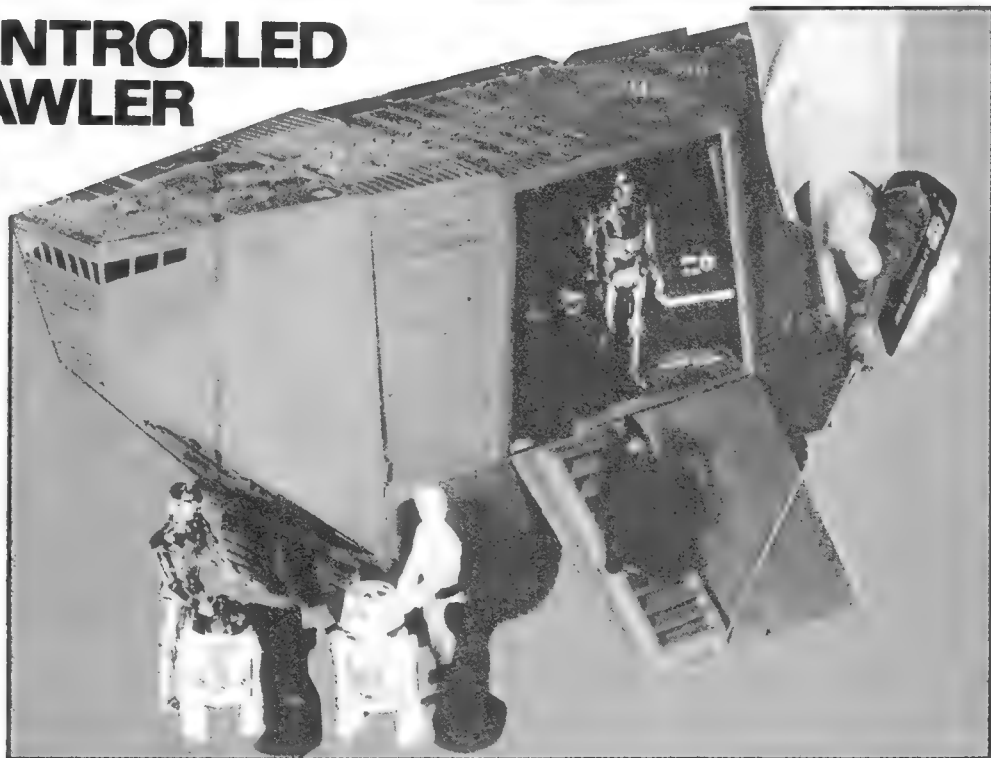
Use the radio control box to help Jawas escape Stormtroopers.



Set up Jawas and R5-D4 at the "control" panels.



Elevator lifts R2-D2 and other STAR WARS figures into Sand Crawler.

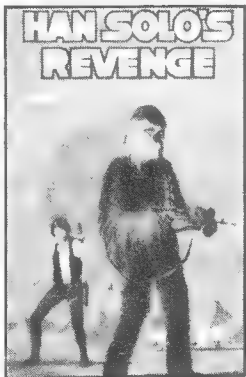


**RADIO CONTROLLED JAWAS SAND CRAWLER** A genuine working replica of the giant tank-like sand crawler the mysterious Jawas use to navigate Tatooine's deserts and seas. This 16" long behemoth on wheels is controlled by a two channel wireless radio that can operate as far away as 20 feet! The three working tread-like wheels permit the sand crawler to move in almost any direction. The roof hatch opens to reveal a detailed control room with enough footpads for several Jawas. A large side panel opens to become a step ramp into the interior of the moving fortress with plenty of room inside for the transporting of any Star Wars action figure. On the under carriage of the crawler is a manual elevator for lifting salvaged droids into the interior! Use your sand crawler, molded in highly detailed and durable brown plastic, to escape the ravaging hordes of Stormtroopers after R2-D2's secret message! Help Luke and Leia and Chewie and Han and all the other Star Wars action figure gang escape death! 2 nine volt batteries and 2 "D" batteries not included! #26196/\$49.95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient **RUSH ORDER FORM**.



**HAN SOLO AT STAR'S END**  
Solo's epic adventure fighting imperial authority on Orron III! #21396/\$1.95

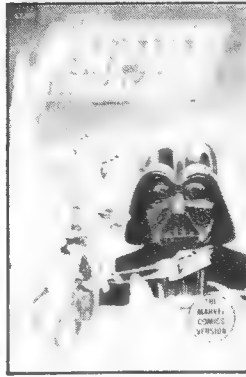


**HAN SOLO'S REVENGE**  
Han is framed as a slave-trader and the punishment is death! #21410/\$2.25

# THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK AND OTHER STAR PAPERBACK NOVELS! WARS

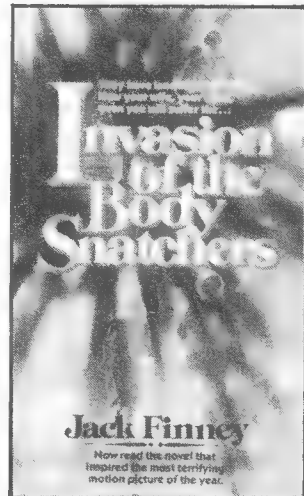


**EMPIRE STRIKES BACK**  
Don Glut's brilliant novelization of the action-packed movie! #21412/\$2.25

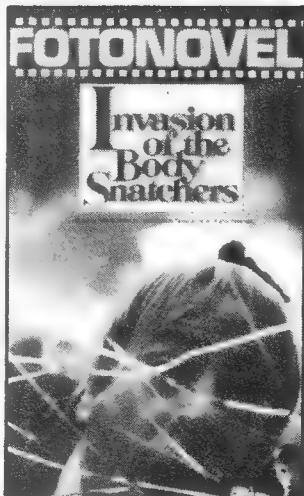


**EMPIRE STRIKES BACK**  
This is the incredible fully illustrated, full color book from the movie! #21411/\$2.50

## 2 Terrifying New Paperbacks! Invasion of the Body Snatchers!



**INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS** Jack Finney's classic is one of the most chilling and horrifying S.F. books ever written! Aliens land in California and begin to take over humans one by one. Can the pods take over the world? The movie was voted the best American movie of 1978! #21333/\$1.95



**INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS FOTONOVEL** From the film that was voted the best American made film of 1978, every terrifying moment in 350 color scenes all with the original dialogue! Leonard Nimoy, Donald Sutherland & Brooke Adams star in this film version of Jack Finney's tale! #21373/\$2.50

## FROM JULES VERNE TO STAR TREK

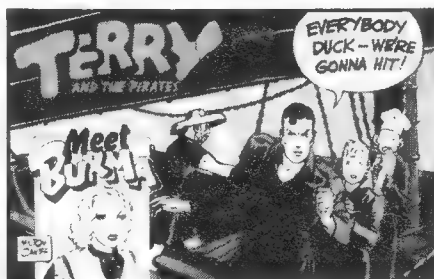


## SCIENCE FICTION FILMBOOK

A ray sizzles from the nozzle of a laser pistol and a grotesque alien menace shudders, then falls dead. Exciting, but is that all there is to the science fiction film? Not according to Jeff Rovin's penetrating book. Almost 100 sci-fi films from the movies and TV are reviewed. Such popular classics as "Rollerball", "Planet of the Apes" and "2001: A Space Odyssey" are all here! 192 pages with over 100 photos! Softcover. #21256/\$6.95

# TERRY AND THE PIRATES

## TWO FULL-LENGTH ILLUSTRATED PAPERBACKS

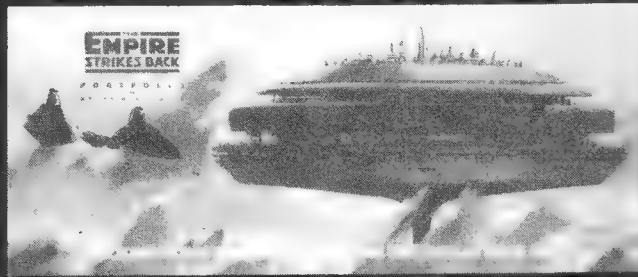


Burma—the woman with a past. She's beautiful, elusive, scheming and charming. This slightly scarlet lady is more than a match for Terry, the pirates of the South China Sea and the Hong Kong Police! This superb 8 1/2" x 11" edition of Milton Caniff's famous newspaper cartoon strip brings you the original adventures! 96 pages! Soft cover! #21219/\$6.95



So beautiful & so deadly! The epitome of the legendary femme fatale. She is out to steal America's aircraft designs. And Terry? He must pose as an aircraft designer, plum the murky depths of war torn China and thwart her! A superb 8 1/4" x 11", 96 page softcover of the original newspaper strip by artist Milton Caniff of Terry's adventures! #21220/\$6.95

## THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK PORTFOLIO OF PAINTINGS



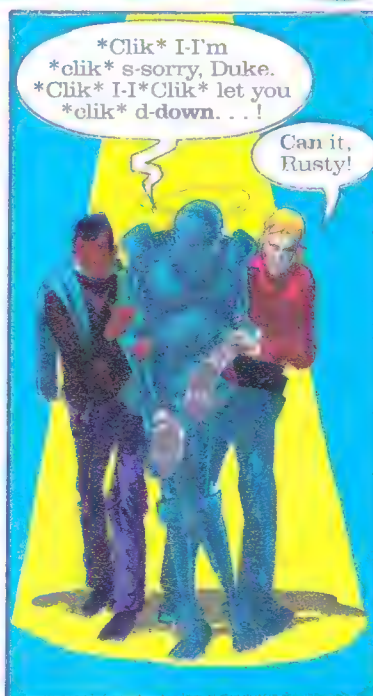
**THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK PORTFOLIO OF PAINTINGS:** An incredible collection of full color Ralph McQuarrie paintings that capture the full power intensity and sweep of the year's best movie! There are 24 beautiful 9 3/4" x 21" color plates on quality glossy stock! #26268/\$6.95



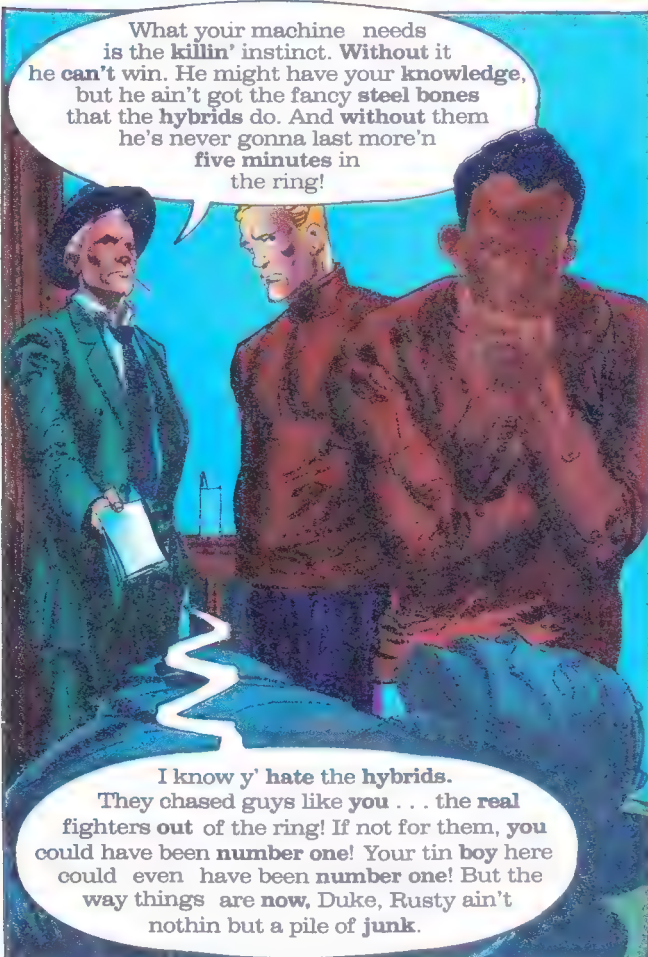
The boxing ring. For centuries it has been the stage upon which the greatest spectacle of the sports world has been played out. Flesh and blood titans have battled here to pit their **skills**, their **strengths**, their **instincts** against one another. And now, challenging those biological ironmen, a **man-made man of iron** rises from the melting pot of obscurity... to test the mettle of man versus machine. . . !



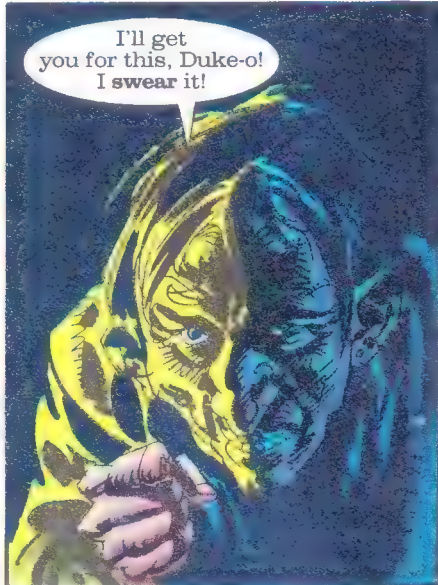
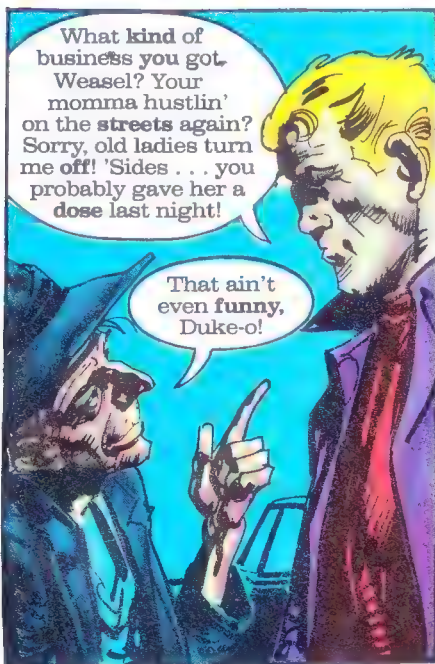
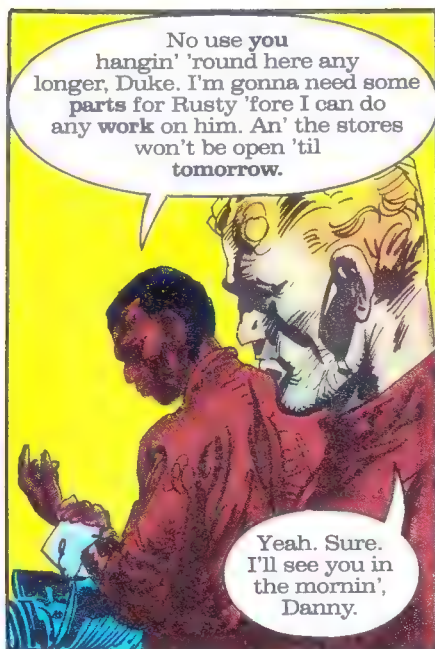
# Kid Rust



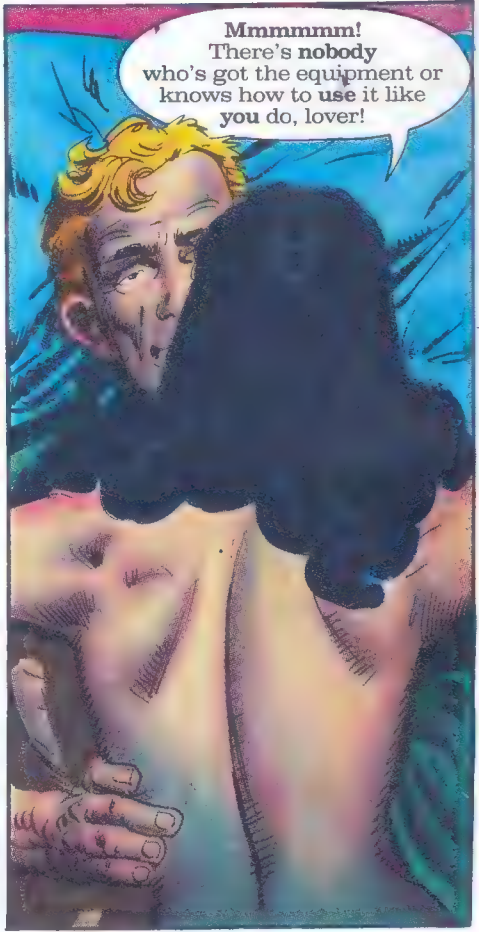
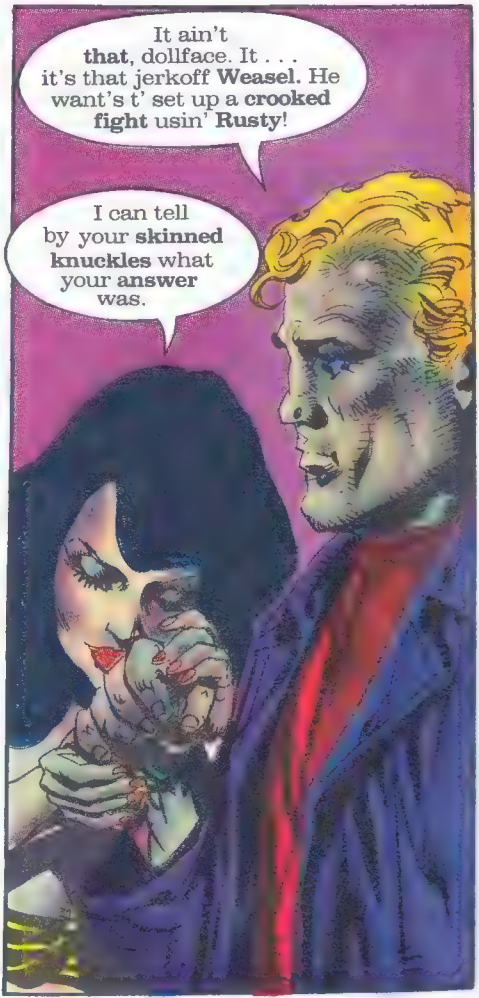
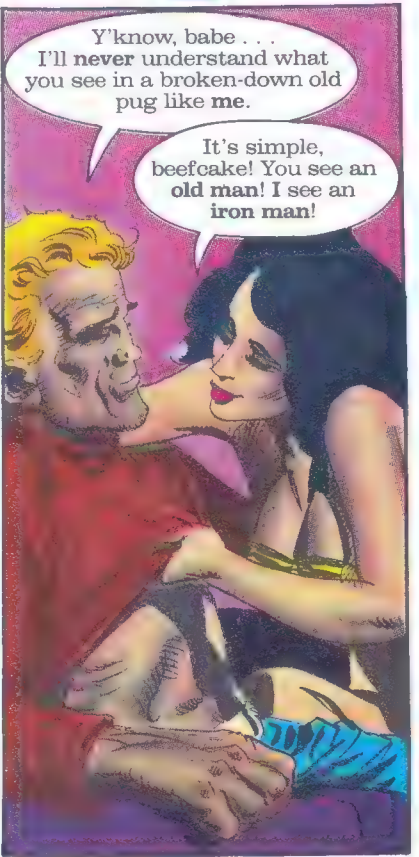
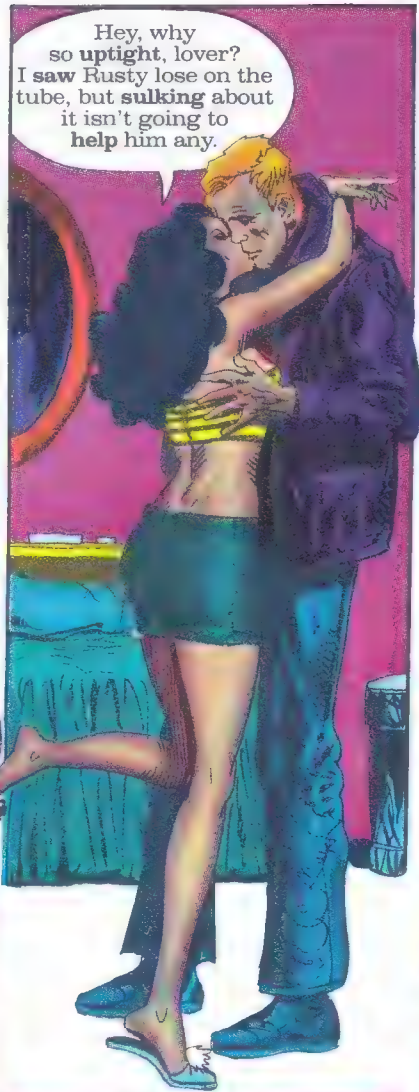
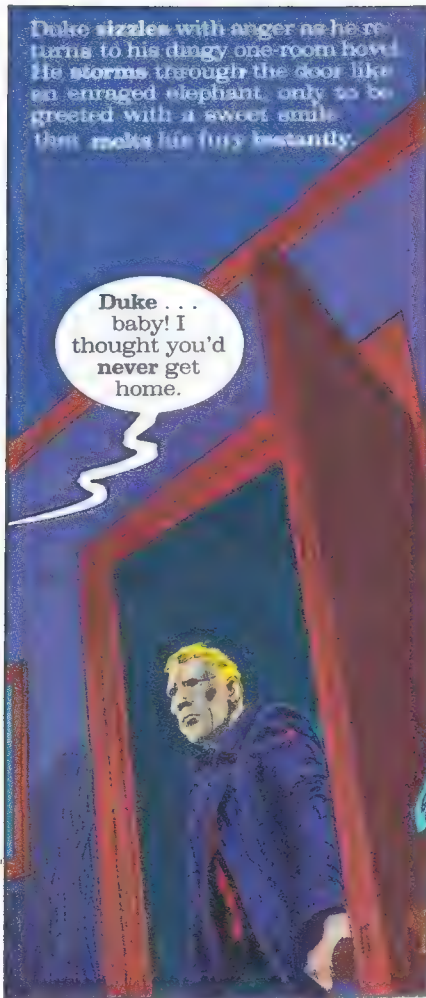














By the following afternoon, Duke has virtually forgotten about the preceding night's events. . . !

Rusty wasn't as busted up as we thought, m' man! Couple more days of work an' he'll be ready for that upcomin' Jersey fight!

I \*klik\* feel real good, Duke.

Tell you what, though . . . it'd save some time if you could pick these parts up, Duke. The shop said it'd be tomorrow mornin' 'fore they could deliver 'em.

No sweat, Danny. I'll be back in a flash.

Meanwhile, outside in evening's merging shadows, an angry little man, with the darting eyes of a Weasel, impatiently waits for the unsuspecting Duke. With him, sits a hired under-world triggerman!

That's the creep, gunner! Nail his ass for me! I want that cocksucker taken out!

It's what you paid me for, Weasel.

The roar of a barking 45 automatic shatters the night's stillness! The whine of molten steel slams into the concrete wall behind Duke. Once, twice, deadly shards of stone rain down upon him. But the third explosion sends a deadly missile tearing through the ex-fighter's midsection.

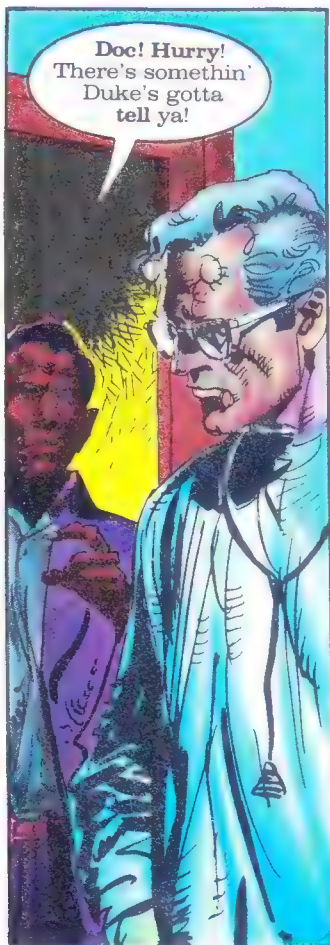
He goes down for the count!

Duke!

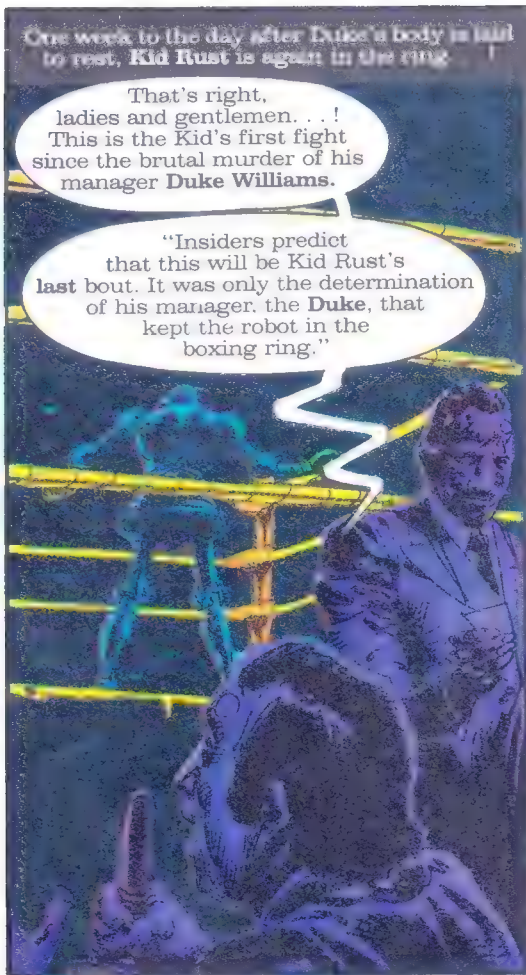
Oh, dear God . . . Duke!

D-Danny . . . h-h-help . . . m-me. . . !









One week to the day after Duke's body is laid to rest, Kid Rust is again in the ring!

That's right, ladies and gentlemen. . . ! This is the Kid's first fight since the brutal murder of his manager **Duke Williams**.

"Insiders predict that this will be Kid Rust's **last** bout. It was only the determination of his manager, the **Duke**, that kept the robot in the boxing ring."



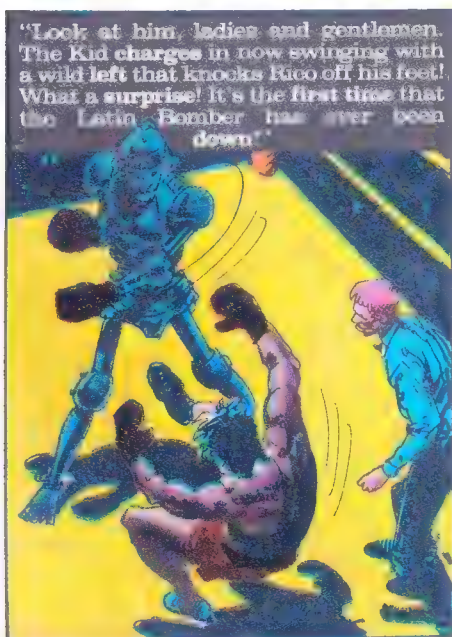
Kid Rust's opponent tonight will be **Rico Sanchez** . . . with thirty-seven consecutive wins by **knock-out**! Rico, an up and comer, is rated **number three** heavyweight in the world by the **W.B.C.**

You headed for thee **johnk pile**, teen mon!

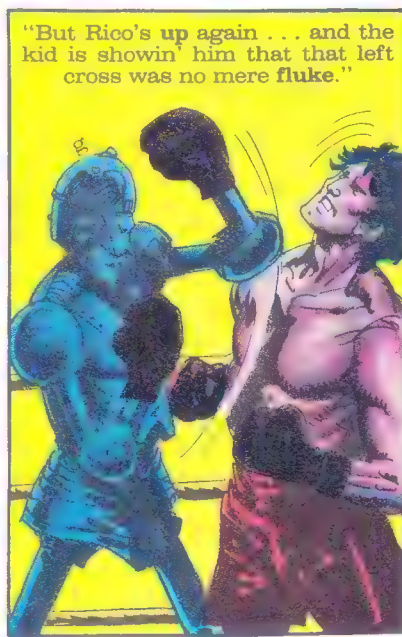


And there's the bell to what will no doubt be one of the Kid's **shortest** bouts ever!

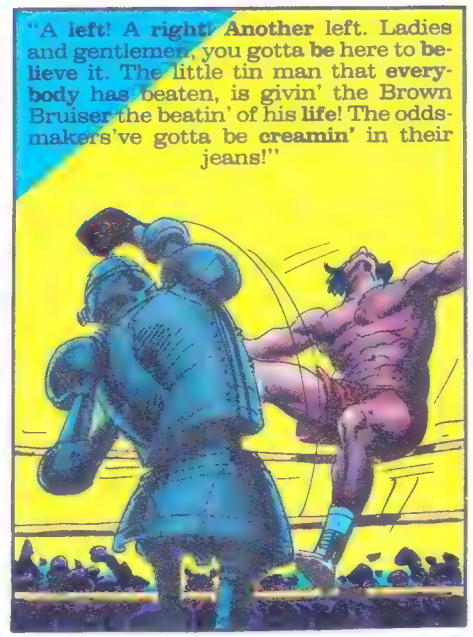
Go git 'em, Rusty!



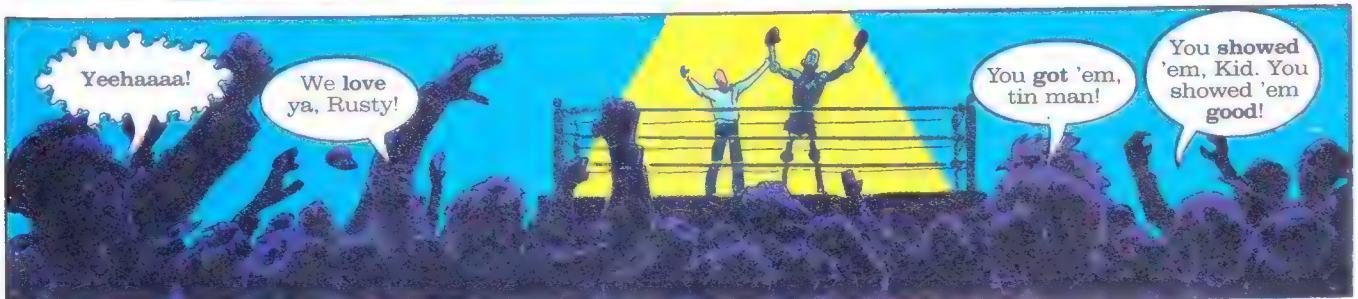
"Look at him, ladies and gentlemen. The Kid charges in now swinging with a **wild left** that knocks Rico off his feet! What a surprise! It's the first time that the **Latin Bomber** has ever been **down**!"



"But Rico's up again . . . and the kid is showin' him that that left cross was no mere **fluke**."



"A left! A right! Another left. Ladies and gentlemen, you gotta be here to believe it. The little tin man that **everybody** has beaten, is givin' the **Brown Bruiser** the beatin' of his life! The odds-makers've gotta be **creamin'** in their jeans!"



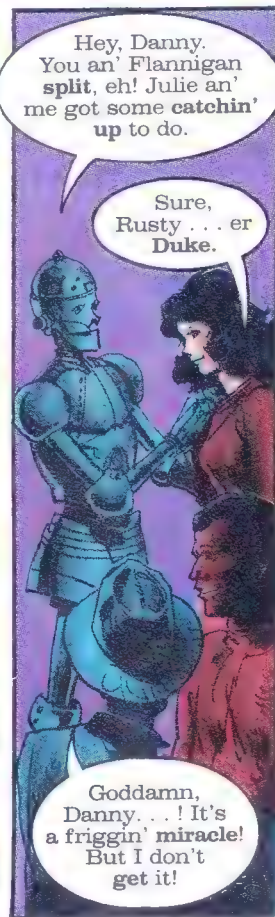
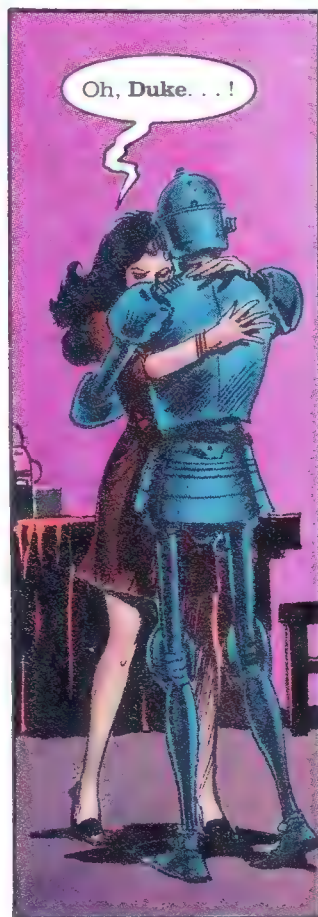
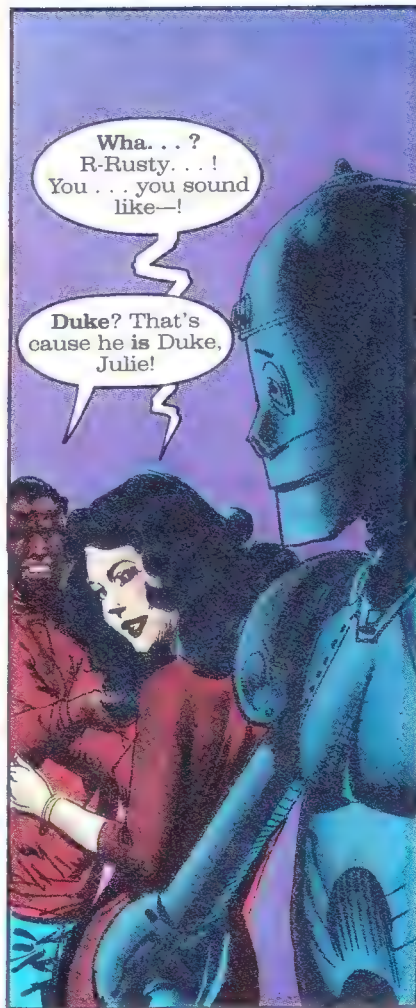
Yeehaaaa!

We love ya, Rusty!

You got 'em, tin man!

You showed 'em, Kid. You showed 'em good!

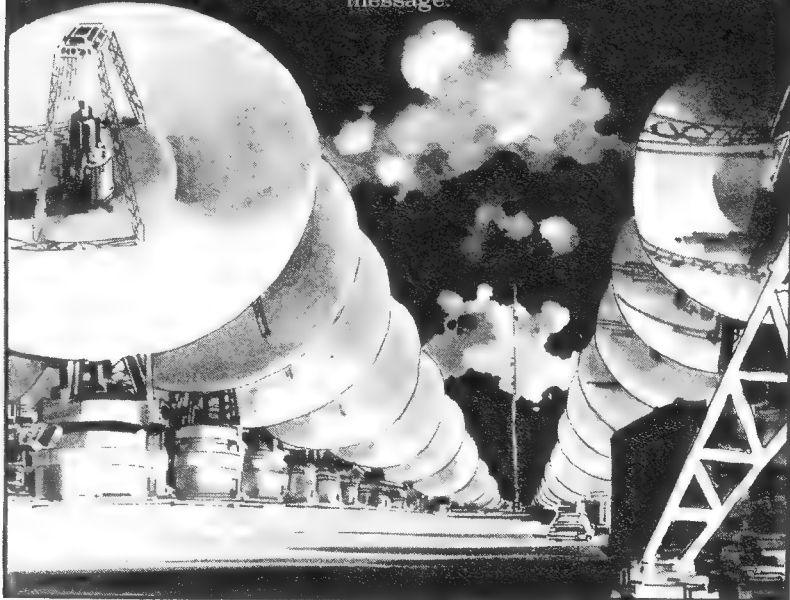






It was **Project Cyclops**, that awesome array of radar dishes aimed at the stars, that finally received the first, genuine, authenticated message from intelligent life beyond our planet.

The message arrived in the form of mathematical dots and dashes. When decoded by NASA scientists, it proved, happily, to be a friendly message.

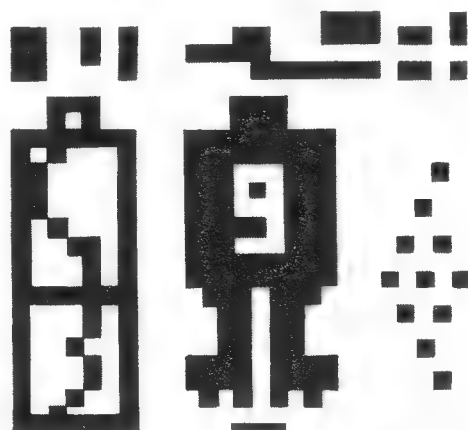


The greatest scientists from the world over, gathered to discuss the message! They all agreed it was **genuine**, and all of them were very **excited** at the prospect of being the one chosen to represent **Earth** at **The Big Cerebration**!



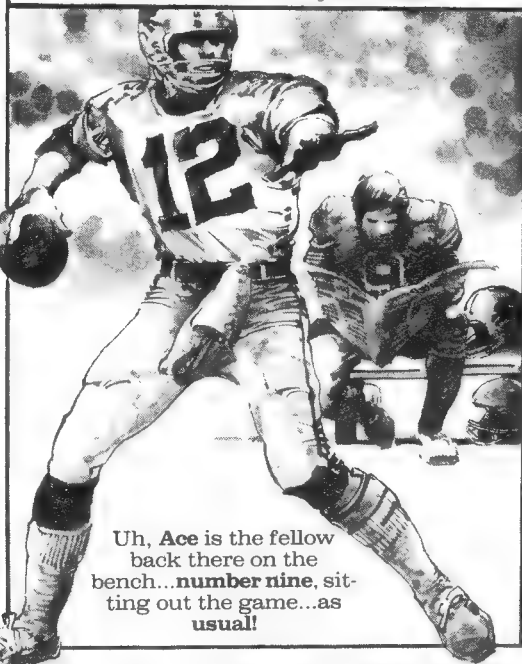
However, before very much balloting could be done, followup messages from Centauri made it abundantly **clear** who they wanted Earth to send! And it wasn't an **astronomer** or a **xenosociologist**!

The message looked like **this**. Translated by computer, it said: "Greetings to your world! We, your comrades of **The Universal Table**, invite your participation at **The Big Cerebration**, a congregation of peaceful collaboration of all worlds, meeting in the **Centauri System**!"

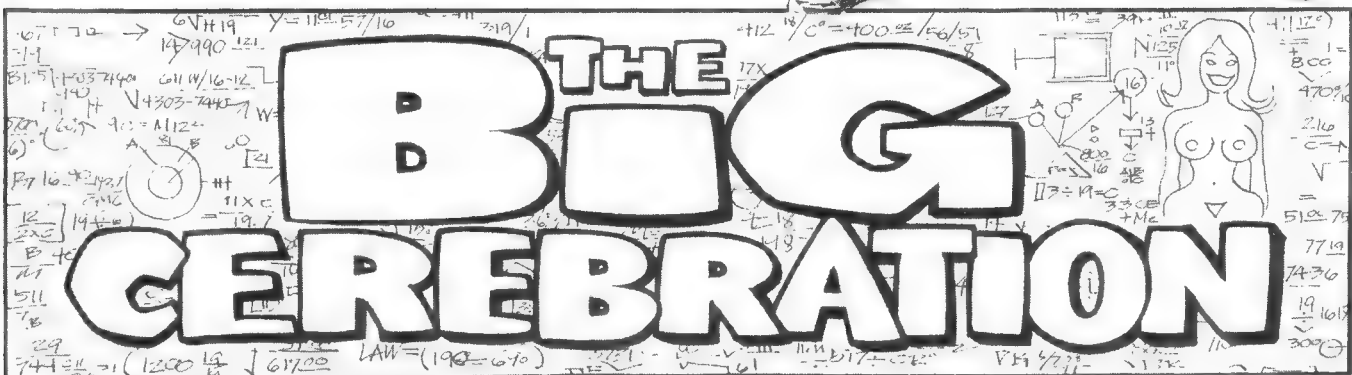


It continued: "Please send your foremost representative **at once** to establish diplomatic ties and exchange ideas! **The Universal Table** guarantees your representative's **safety** and **transportation** needs! Looking forward to our meeting! Warmest regards, **T.U.T.**"


The "foremost representative" The Universal Table requested, was "**Ace**" Greenspan, third-string quarterback for the **Detroit Lions**! They asked for him by **name** and **jersey number**, so there couldn't be any **mistake**!



Uh, **Ace** is the fellow back there on the bench...**number nine**, sitting out the game...as **usual**!

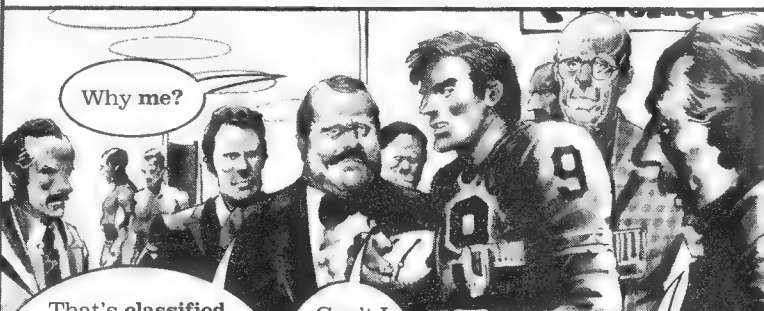


**Julius "Ace" Greenspan** broke into the pros solely on the strength of a touchdown he made back in college! Admittedly, it was a pip...an unbelievable eighty-eight yard run against the ferocious Ohio State line, to win the 1977 Pacific Bowl for UCLA in the final seconds of the game!



But alas, Ace's initial promise never came to fruit. After two lackluster years with the Chargers, and one more even less remarkable with the Lions, Ace's pro ball career was finished!

At the ripe old age of **twenty-four**, Ace was a **smashing failure**, without **prospects**, and, come season's end, without a **job**. so, when Ace was confronted one day by several **government officials** to request his help on an important **scientific mission**, Ace's response was **understandable!**



Why me?

That's **classified** Mr. Greenspan. You'll be given a complete **briefing** on the flight to Cape Canaveral tomorrow morning.

Can't I have some time to **think** about this?

Don't see **how**, Mr. Greenspan. Liftoff for Centauri is scheduled for **noon** tomorrow.

At home that night, Ace told his wife, **Sparkle**, the thrilling news. Sparkle could barely contain her **excitement!**



And what am I supposed to do while you're off galavanting around the **Universe**, may I ask?

Didn't think about that, did you, Mr. Big Shot?

Nooooo, of course not!

That's **just** like you, Julius! Always thinking about **yourself!** Never taking me anywhere! Never doing **anything** for me!



I'll bet you didn't even ask if you could bring your wife along! **Nooo**, of course not!

Six years of devoted marriage to you, and **this** is my reward?

Well, you go ahead and fly off to that **big whatchamacallit**, and I'll just stay home, all by myself...with **nothing** to do at all!



Julius? Are you listening to me, Julius? **Nooo**, of course not!

Early the next morning, aboard a military flight bound for Cape Canaveral, Ace was hastily briefed on the mission ahead!



And here, most importantly, is a list of **questions** for you to ask the **Universal Table** when you get there! And for god's sake, Greenspan, **whatever** you do, don't stray from these **prepared texts!**

I still don't **understand**, Professor! Surely someone like **you** is better qualified to go on this trip! **Why me?**

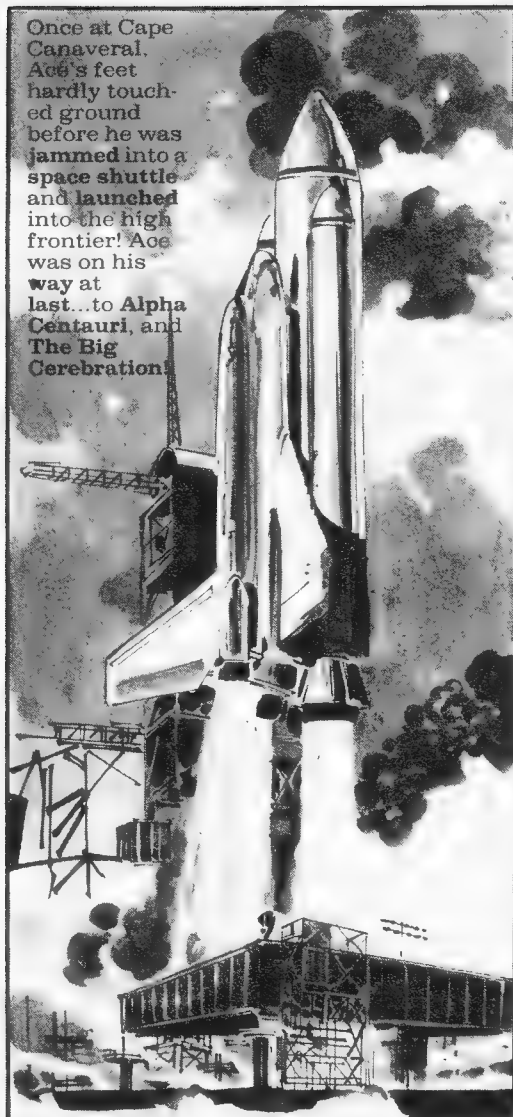
Bless me if I can figure it, Greenspan. You're not a **scientist** or a **mathematician!** You're not even a good football player!

But they asked for **you**...so they **must** have their **reasons!** Good luck to you, Ace.



Thanks, Professor, I'll do my best!



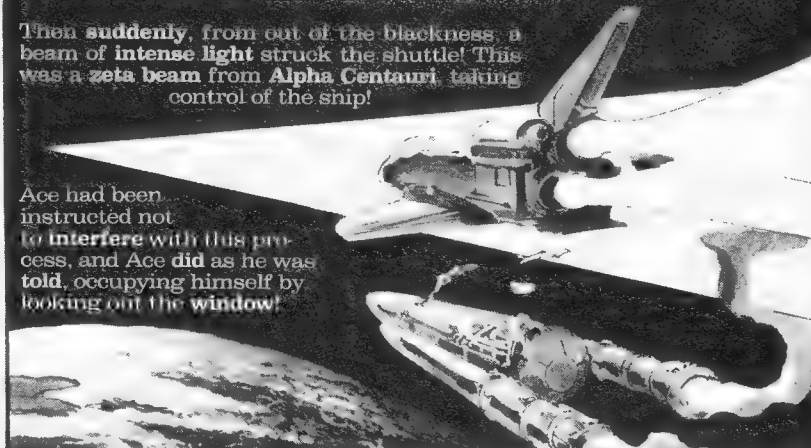


Once at Cape Canaveral, Ace's feet hardly touched ground before he was jammed into a space shuttle and launched into the high frontier! Ace was on his way at last... to Alpha Centauri, and The Big Cerebration!

High above the Earth, the shuttle detached from the Saturn booster, and easily found its orbit! The shuttle was fully automatic! No crew other than Ace was aboard!

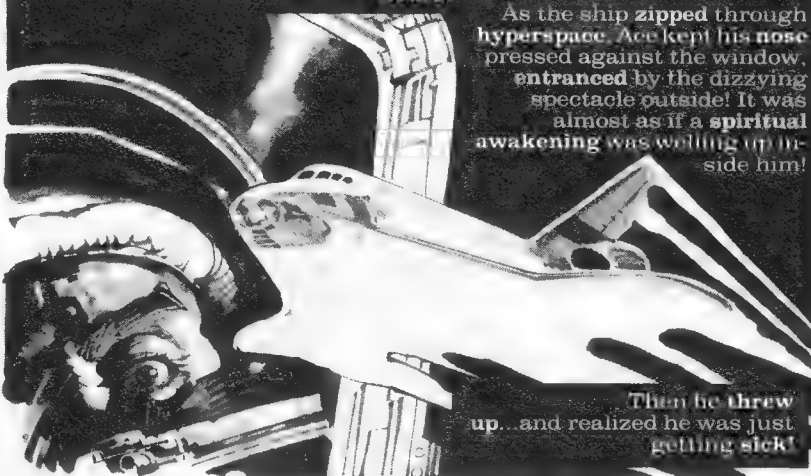
Then suddenly, from out of the blackness, a beam of intense light struck the shuttle! This was a zeta beam from Alpha Centauri, taking control of the ship!

Ace had been instructed not to interfere with this process, and Ace did as he was told, occupying himself by looking out the window!



Across the cosmos the shuttle soared, much, much faster than the speed of light. The trip to Alpha Centauri, a journey of over two hundred and fifty trillion miles, would be accomplished in a mere handful of hours!

As the ship zipped through hyperspace, Ace kept his nose pressed against the window, entranced by the dizzying spectacle outside! It was almost as if a spiritual awakening was welling up inside him!



Then he threw up... and realized he was just getting sick!

Six hours later, Ace arrived at his destination: a ranch-house located on the largest moon in the Alpha-Centauri system. He was greeted by several peculiar-looking, but jovial creatures. They were wearing cutoffs and string bikinis and tennis shoes. A lot of them wore nothing at all!



As Ace moved through the crowd outside toward the house itself, he spied more alien creatures lazing by the pool, tossing frisbees, drinking beer from kegs, and making out in full view of everyone!

A horrible thought occurred to Ace! Had he come to the wrong place? He asked a couple of alien-types, dressed in tennis-ware!

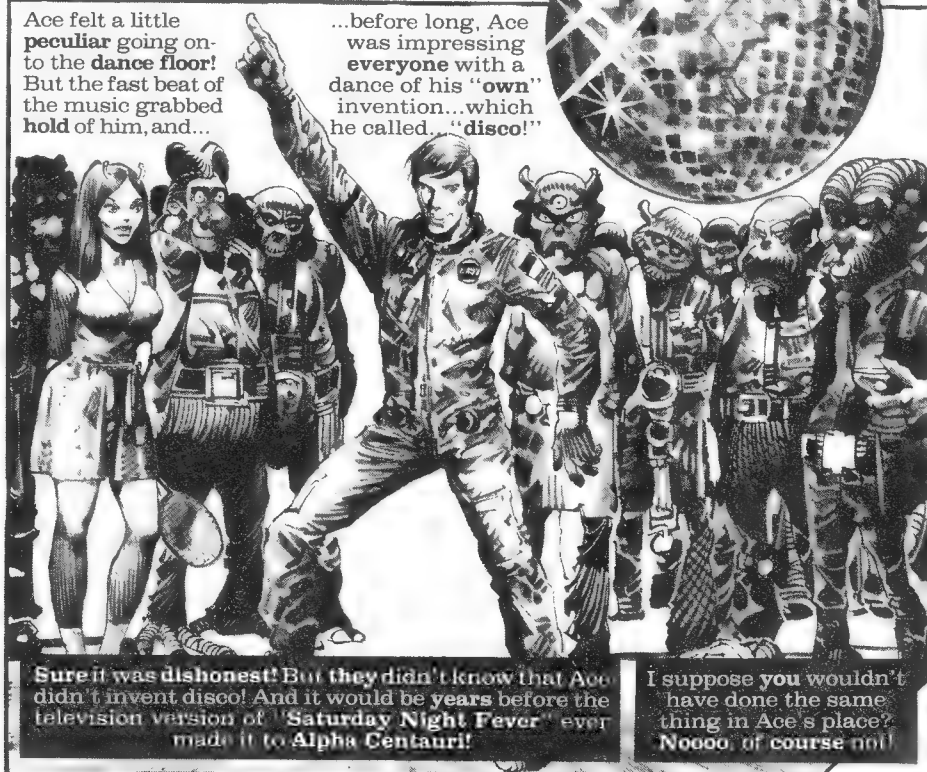
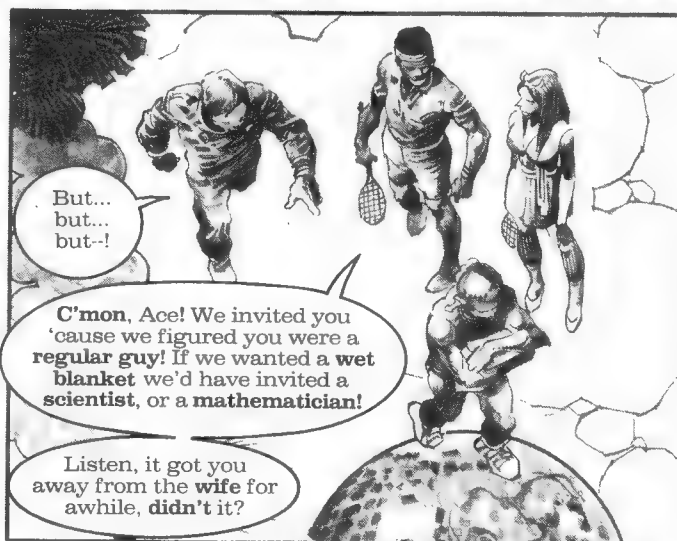
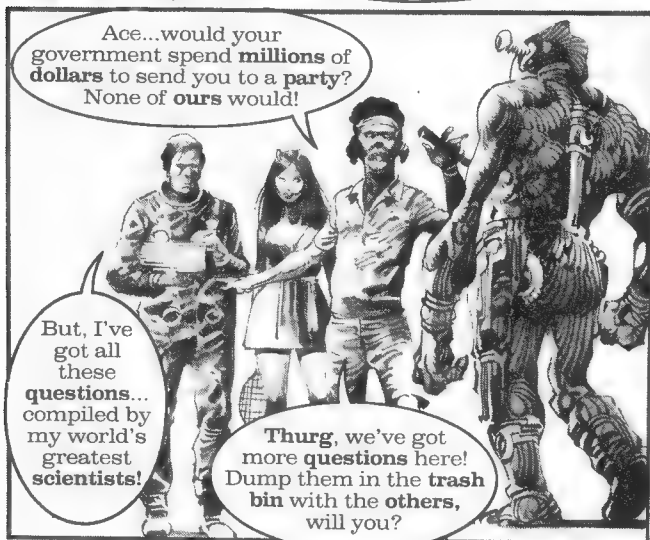
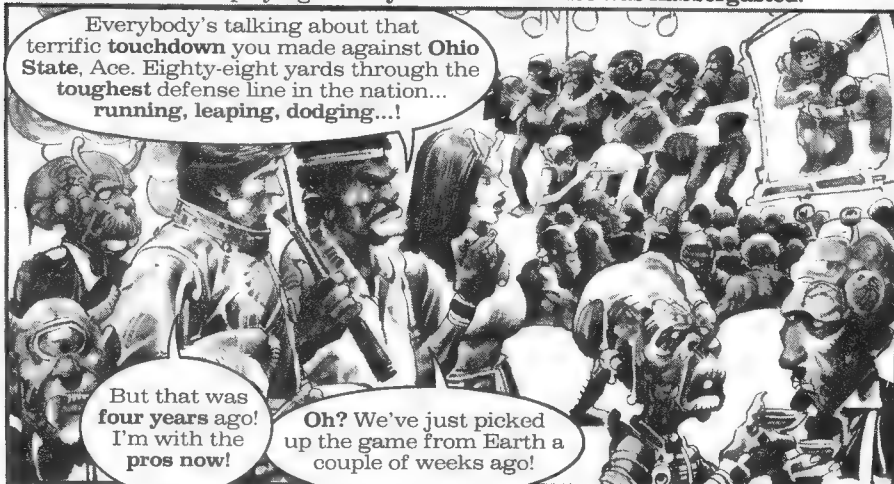


Excuse me! Is this The Big Cerebration?

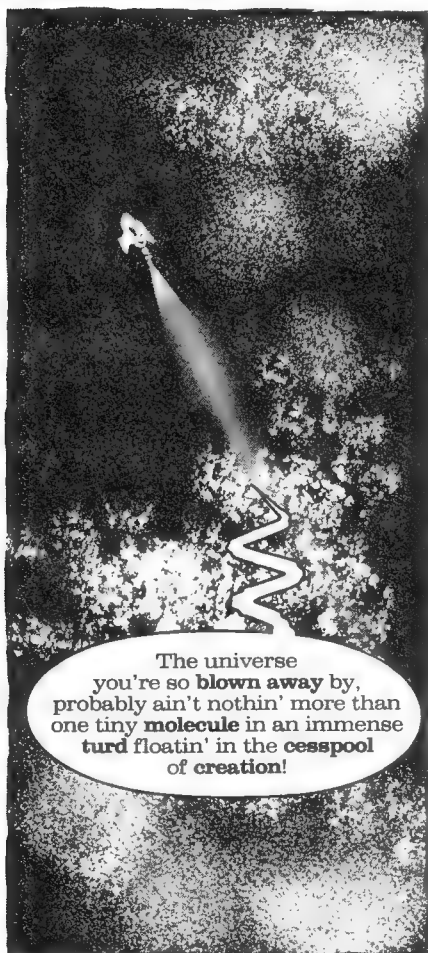
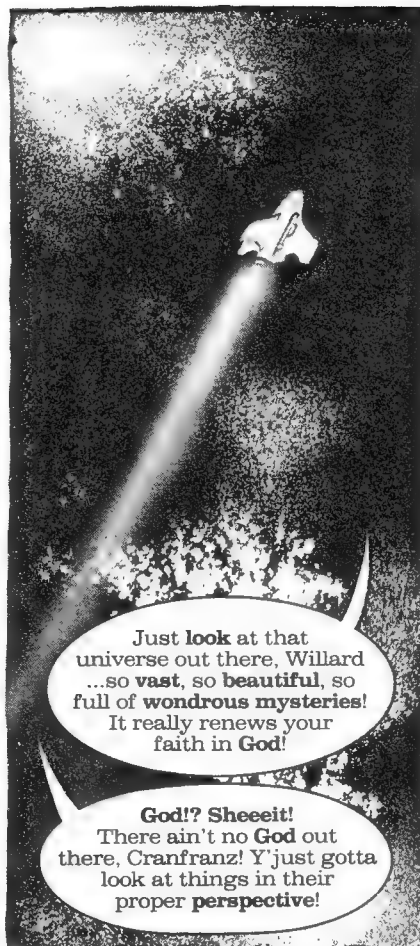
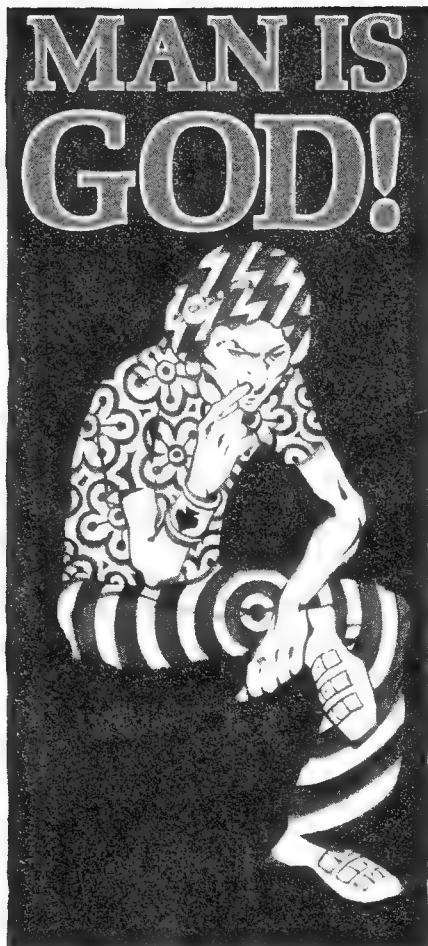
Sure is, Ace. C'mon! There's sandwiches and booze inside! I'm Galt, your host, and this is my sister, Illeina. Ace is a famous football player, Illeina.

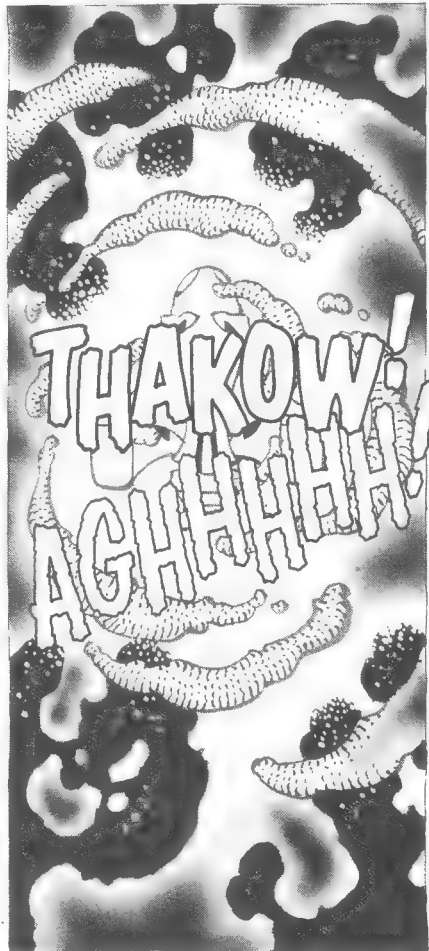
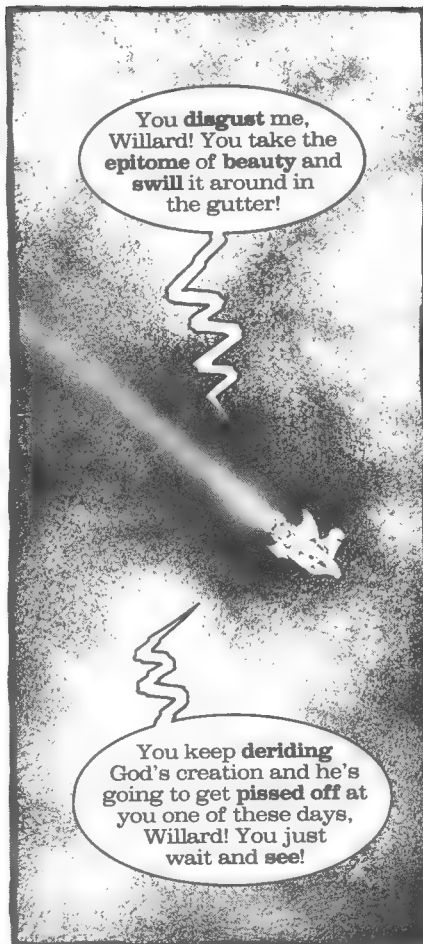
Really? I love football players!

Inside the house, an even **larger** gathering of strange aliens was revealed to Ace! They were **laughing** and **joking** and drinking and, as far as Ace could surmise, having a **wonderful** time! Over in the corner, some musicians with red faces and long purple snouts were playing "**Benny and the Jets!**" Ace was **flabbergasted!**











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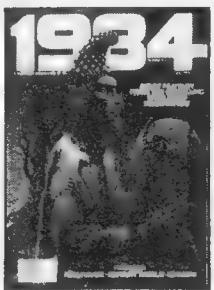
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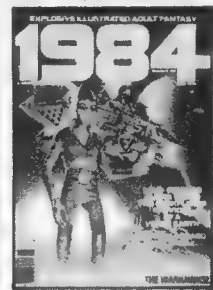
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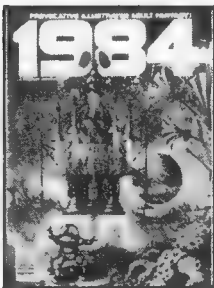
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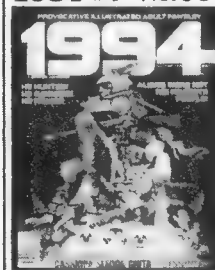
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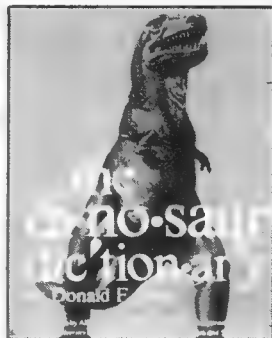


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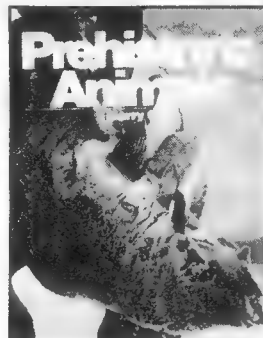
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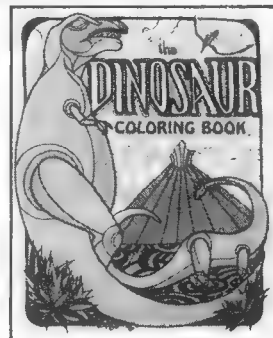
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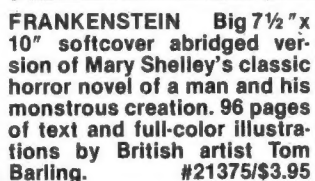
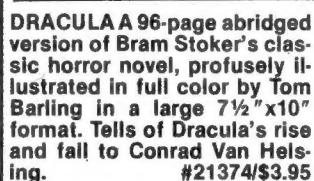
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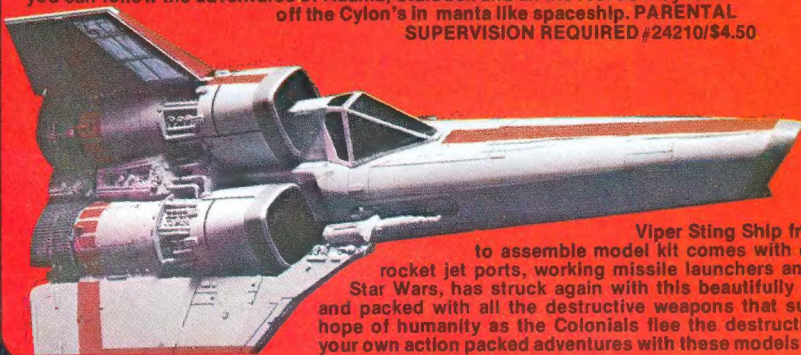
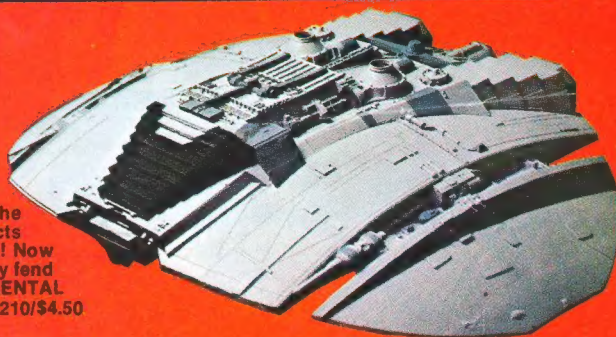
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